

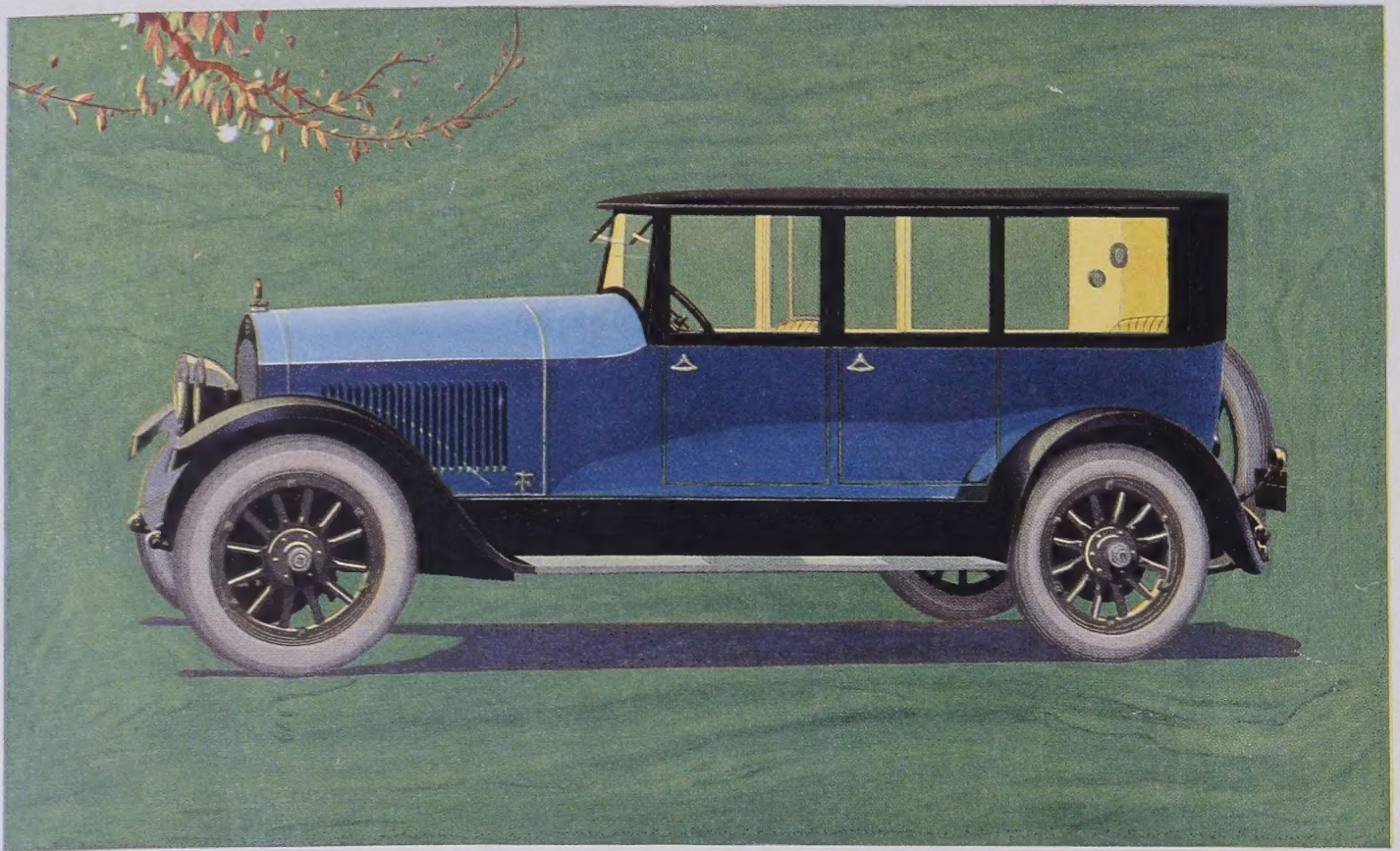
VOGUE



Continental
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COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.



THE IMPORTANCE OF SEEMING GAY

WHY is it that all the Virtues insist on being so obvious? Why do they so often allow themselves to quarrel with the Graces and part company with them for ever? What does it profit a woman to have all the good qualities of an angel, if she has acquired the habit of announcing her opinions (always final) and then shutting her mouth with a snap that would put the gamest trout alive to shame? And why do so many otherwise excellent people apparently believe that it is a sign of kleptomania if one uses a light touch on life?

DON'T CONSERVE YOUR SMILES

A little less grimness and a little more graciousness wouldn't do most of us Anglo-Saxons a bit of harm, and perhaps a smile may be worth to some one even as much as it sometimes costs us. Just because we're sad is no excuse for being solemn in these times that have seen the greatest sorrow the world has

A New Silhouette

In its next issue Vogue will publish two pages of designs by Paul Iribe, which will suggest a new and charming silhouette for spring.

Paul Iribe, who has occupied a most important place in France in all that concerns decorative art and modes, has now come to New York, and his original designs in gowns and furnishings will be shown in Vogue. It will be recalled that it was Iribe who designed the first *Album des Modes* for Paul Poirët. Later he was associated with Madame Paquin, and he has designed many of the costumes for the most talked-of Parisian plays.

ever known, and the best way to bring back a little of the happiness we have all lost is to begin right now to realize that our griefs are for ourselves and our joys are for our friends.

Vogue has always had an aversion to the obvious, and it wants to seize this moment, when the sun has come back to the sky, and all our ships are sailing home, to make a plea for gaiety. There has been—and there still is—so much real suffering and horror in the world that we mustn't let one little chance to smile go by. We can save just as much food for those whose bread is sorrow and whose drink is tears, if we are wearing our prettiest clothes and chattering cheerfully at every dinner we go to; and it's just as possible to evolve practical plans for raising money for the Red Cross under a becoming hat as under a dowdy one. There's no particular satisfaction in being efficient unless one can be lovable, too, and all the gay and charming and frivolous things of life are the attributes of that lovely Goddess of Laughter who was born of the smiling sea.

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Cover Design by Georges Lepape

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for

Early February, 1919



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DEMMEYER

Baron de Meyer

MRS. MEDILL McCORMICK

Mrs. McCormick, the Chairman of the National Republican Women's Committee, was Miss Ruth Hanna, daughter of former Senator Mark Hanna. Her husband is Senator-elect from Illinois, whose father, Robert S. McCormick, was ambassador to Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Paris, during the McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft administrations. Recently Mrs. McCormick has taken the old Townsend

mansion in Washington, known as The Little White House, as it was occupied by the Roosevelts while the White House was being remodelled. In Chicago Mrs. McCormick's home is on the Lake Shore Drive, and when there she devotes much of her time to the big Rock River Farms in Byron County which provide certified milk for sick children and babies and are operated under her personal supervision



A work of genius is obvious—after it is produced. It is quite obvious that so prim a material as an English print of black flowers on an orange ground should be fashioned into a "prunes-and-prisms" poke-bonnet with a black bow that darts into the brim only to reappear in another bow perched saucily on the crown. The quaint parasol is a match for it in every way

THE FROCKS THAT PLAN TO GO SOUTH

The Southern Resorts Promise to be Gay with

Bright Silk Blouses and White Skirts, Figured Silks

For Afternoon, and Evening Gowns of Metal Tissue



OF late years, the playground of the south has broadened greatly. Not long ago, when one referred to "the South," one meant the exclusive sands of Palm Beach, but now one is quite as likely to mean Bermuda, Jamaica, Havana, Porto Rico, California, or even the Philippine Islands. And this year, each of these resorts is looking forward to a gay, if not brilliant, season. In the beginning there was little hope of having a season at all. Many of the large hotels were opposed to opening because of the war conditions. Coal shortage, difficulties in transportation, and the great shortage of labour all increased the problems of the hotel proprietors. Then came the signing of the armistice, and the situation immediately took on a brighter outlook. Within a few days a southern season had been planned. Hotel managers are making elaborate preparations, the shops are designing clothes which in themselves tell that the war is over, and women—and men, too—are looking forward to a few months of recreation and pleasure. Already clothes are less severe in character and a great deal less conservative. Lovely materials, bright colours, and gorgeous bits of embroidery and trimming are making their appearance.

NEW FASHION POINTS

No great change in silhouette is seen in the Palm Beach clothes, but there are several colours which are new or are having a renewed popularity. Victory Red, a dull cerise, and Joffre Blue, the soft blue used in the French soldiers' uniforms, are particular favourites. Soft silks and printed crêpes de Chine, linens, voiles, English eyelet, with taffeta and broadcloth for tailored suits, are among the popular materials. Hemstitching, drawn-work, simple embroideries, and eyelet embroidery are the smartest trimmings. Silks on the order of pussy-willow, printed in dull colours in simple designs, are seen everywhere for afternoon wear. Organdie makes a fresh and pretty trimming on many of these soft silk gowns, and

MODELS FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

This season the smartest sports costumes are likely to be based on white silk jersey skirts and then to blaze into a blouse as gay as this of burnt orange tussur silk striped with white

The ribbons that flaunted themselves so happily in mid-Victorian days are making themselves at home again on such frocks as this attractive one of pussy-willow silk printed in navy blue





MODELS FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

A number of them have skirts lined with the organdie, which gives the silk more body. The majority of the new dresses are straight and only fairly tight. Many of the skirts have a decided barrel line, and the newest of all are those draped like a Japanese kimono. This Oriental tendency is not limited to the drapery, for it works its way into most bewildering embroideries, of which East Indian frieze designs, often in dull colours, are the most interesting. There is a persistent rumour that suits will be very smart. For southern wear they are shown in lovely shades of yellow, rose, French blue, chestnut brown, cream, grey, and oyster white. For suit materials, broadcloth, silk jersey, a light-weight tweed, and a soft velours that resembles flannel are used. Tapestry is used for evening coats, and motor coats are of taffeta, silk jersey, or wool jersey. Silk, percale, gingham in small checks, silk jersey, and a certain amount of Chinese silk crêpe and Shantung make charming one-piece dresses for morning wear.

SEPARATE SKIRTS AND BLOUSES

The separate blouse and skirt will be very popular. Skirts are of silk or wool jersey, linen, or piqué, and they are very plain and straight. It is the blouses which arouse one's interest. There are lovely odd bits of Roman striped linen, and fancy crêpes in such bright colours as green and purple used in combination. Crêpe de Chine is dotted, checked, and printed in brilliant colours, so that one is left to suppose that that chic fash-

ion of a dark coloured blouse with a white skirt, so smart last season, is again to come into prominence. Dimity, voile, crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, and embroidered batiste are used for afternoon blouses.

Evening gowns have abandoned war-time simplicity in favour of sumptuous fabrics such as rich gold and silver tissues. Taffeta, faille, and black, white, and coloured brocades are all shown. Trimming is sparsely used, but when it does appear it is rich and unusual.

Hats are large or medium sized. Many of those first shown are of dress materials instead of straw. One of the leading designers is making up hats and bags in London prints and percales. Sun hats in dull shades of Japanese crêpes are sure to be popular because of their lightness and effectiveness. From Paris come hats made of lovely, old-fashioned, double-faced ribbons, picot-edged and dotted with wreaths, potted plants, or boutonnières of coloured flowers. Occasionally plain grosgrain ribbons are used in these hats, and fringed effects form a pretty finish.

The sketch at the top of page 19 shows a new and charming hat and parasol of English print. (Continued on page 70)

(Left) The war and sombre frocks are evils of the past, replaced by peace and a host of shimmering frocks of gold or silver tissue that sparkle their pleasure at being restored to popularity once more



(Right) Even in a world of surprises, one would hardly expect white crêpe de Chine to choose navy blue organdie for trimming, or English eyelet embroidery to reappear in company with net. But everybody is very glad they did



(Below) Perhaps to the swallows, flying, flying South, this lovely lady is of no importance, but to every one else who sees her, in her frock of white satin and white chiffon, with its very tight underskirt and its full overskirt, she will be an interesting spot in the palm fringed Florida landscape



Last season several humble materials made their debut with what tremendous success every one remembers. This year sateen, another novelty among materials, will be on trial for favour at the Southern resorts; and this frock of navy blue moire with a bodice and bands of bright blue sateen bears out the prediction that it, too, will have the career of a belle



Just by way of surprising us out of any preconceived ideas we may have, this engaging frock of café au lait batiste, run with insertions of Irish lace, has chosen to do the unexpected thing by adopting a coat of wool velours in a soft cinnamon brown, trimmed with narrow bands of brown wool stitching and belted back and front with the same unusual and decorative bands

Stein and Blaine Suggest

These Costumes as Com-

panions for a Trip South



DEMEYER

Baron de Meyer

(Above) Mauve organdie, that most naïve of fabrics, linked its fate with the new silhouette in the trim gown at the left. A narrow underskirt is trimmed with tiny tucks running from the hem up under the overskirt which is slightly barrel shaped and shows a suggestion of the minaret tunic at the hips. Bands of skunk trim the deep "V" neck, the sleeves, and the hips, and a corsage bouquet of roses in pastel colours blossom against their mauve background

Hints of a New Silhouette Lurk in the Lines of some of These Distinctive Gowns for the South



This is a modern—very modern—version of the little lace apron famous in the days of Queen Anne. All its graceful length is made of bands of heavy cream coloured lace. The gown is of golden yellow linen of a heavy quality made with straight lines and a panel back. The straight wide sleeves and the bodice are entirely untrimmed,—but the blouse allows itself a becoming little vestee of white net which gives a last touch of daintiness and charm

(Left) Every woman knows that black is the most gracious of colours to dine with, and here is a frock that will beautify a whole evening. The straight underslip in flesh satin is draped slightly at the back and veiled alluringly with a rather full overdress of black net that is about three-quarter length. Each of the black satin dots applied to the net adds just that much more charm—and, as if that were not enough, a girdle of soft flesh coloured ribbon ties itself in a large bow at the left



This pink taffeta evening frock wanted to go to Palm Beach, so it followed the very latest lines—even daring a new prophetic outline in the full fur-banded overskirt that flares above the tight straight skirt beneath. Two strips of the taffeta, that are really a part of the overskirt, run over the shoulders, and at the back a big bow of tulle almost distracts one's attention from the pink taffeta girdle weighted with heavy bead tassels.

Even the lady that lives on the tapestry background just behind, looks with delight at this Georgette crêpe frock—the pale pink pleated skirt is so daintily gay, and the soft full ruffled bodice is so softly becoming. The sheerest white organdie makes the round collar and cuffs, and a garland of flowers embroidered in soft coloured silks, with velvet appliqué leaves, outlines a yoke effect across the skirt front. There is a ribbon girdle, too, of soft French blue, looped and trailing long graceful ends.



Baron de Meyer



It's almost Puritanical all its soft grey pongee length—so demurely straight is the skirt with only an inserted accordion pleated panel for trimming, and so ingeniously simple the blouse with its row of little grey buttons and its fresh white organdie ruffle. Even the embroidery on the coat is demurely grey, and as for the hat—it's all of grey ribbon with not so much as the meekest of trimmings on its soft, becoming rolling brim.

Any of the Southern Resorts Would Welcome These Costumes Designed by Harry Collins



THE SOUTHERN RESORTS COME INTO THEIR OWN

With the Coming of Peace, Society Plans for a Winter
Of Pre-war Gaiety in the Balmy Climates of the
Virginias, the Carolinas, and the Coasts of Florida

THE signing of the armistice brought many changes of plans in its wake, including, among other consequences more far reaching, a complete right-about-face in the social life of this country. Those who had prepared themselves for a winter of hard-work and self-sacrifice, with, perhaps, a short trip to the South solely for recuperative purposes, suddenly found it possible to return to a pre-war schedule. And no one has hailed the change more gladly, for purely business reasons, than the genial bonifaces of the southern resorts who are coming into their own again after two sadly unprofitable seasons. They kept brave faces, but those who knew their many troubles incidental to the servant problem, transportation, express and mail difficulties, and a thousand and one other irritations, will rejoice with them that brighter days have come and that the most brilliant season the southern resorts have ever known is predicted.

THE GAIETY THAT COMES WITH PEACE

The South hastens to inform us that this gaiety will not be of the old hectic sort. Indeed, Florida has become as "dry as a bone," and conviviality must be of another order than that inspired by the matutinal cocktail on The Breakers porch. But the new light-heartedness, now that the war is ended and that those still on the other side may be expected to join in the festivities of the late season, is the spontaneous gaiety of a nation released from bondage, secure in victory, and turning with true American spirit to celebrate it.

Peace could not have arrived at a time more significant for the South. Hotels which have been closed because of war conditions, are hurriedly organizing their forces and preparing for their greatest season. The ban on private cars has been lifted, as have the extra Pullman fares, and many additional trains are as-

sured both for the South and for California.

Palm Beach, of course, will be the favourite resort of many, including a veritable army of refugees who, in the past, have usually wintered at Cannes and Cimiez, Monte Carlo and San Remo, Algiers and Egypt. All the other fashionable southern resorts, too, will come into their own. White Sulphur Springs and Hot Springs anticipate a winter of unusual activity, on account of their proximity to Washington, and many people who will be found at resorts further south, later on, have gone to the Virginias in order to take the cure and to tone up their systems for the coming change from winter snows to summer sunshine. These resorts, of course, are favourites during the northward flight which begins in February and continues till Newport and Southampton and Bar Harbor claim their own. Pinehurst welcomed an unusual number of golf lovers in November and December and is truly a Paradise for devotees of this game.

Summerville amid the pines of South Carolina is not far from the quaint old city of Charleston. The road stretching between these cities is picturesque with magnificent estates and old plantations transformed by Northern money into win-

ter homes of great luxury. The famous rhododendrons and azaleas that bloom before the ice has started to break in the northern lakes, line it with masses of colour. Many visitors motoring in this vicinity break their journeys here to revel in the quaintness of the old city and to admire the manner in which Charleston has clung to her ancient traditions.

Aiken and Camden, both amid the South Carolina pines, vie with one another in their sports, if not in their clientele. Camden boasts a polo team second to none, and Aiken is equally proud of its stables. Every season, too, comes the stimulating rivalry of the Army to make both resorts excitingly anxious when smart young officers arrive to play polo and to wrest their laurels from them. Now that "Tommy" Hitchcock has so luckily and so narrowly escaped from danger on the other side and is quite sound and ready for his old-time sports, and that his father, Major Hitchcock, whose stables were famous, will also be likely to spend a part of the winter at Aiken, a revival of polo may be hoped for. Many multimillionaires will transport their stables from Cleveland and Pittsburg to this balmy climate. Camden with its exquisite gardens and its

white-pillared Colonial mansions set back among the trees in little hedges of box, reminds one in some subtle fashion of old England. Perhaps it is the hedges. Surely in no other American resort are there so many miles of prim hedges as here, while the maze in the gardens of the Court Inn has been a favourite trysting place for these many years. There are numerous cottages and fine old estates, and the three hotels where the same people return year after year, together with two excellent golf courses, give Camden a prestige not easily shaken off, even by her rival, Aiken. Why does Aiken always remind one of the queenly silver-haired Miss Celestine Eustis, riding in state be-



Amy Lyman Phillips

White Sulphur Springs is always a popular stopping place on the way to and from the resorts farther south. Here Bobbie Jones, Jerry Adair, "Chick" Evans, and Kenneth Edwards are shown (seated) at a Red Cross golf match at White Sulphur

(Continued on page 68)

NEW YORK, AGAIN RESPLENDENT

Once More Fingers Fly Day and Night, Making New Finery; Glittering Metal Brocades Are Used in Place of Darker Stuffs; and The Jewels of Pre-war Days Sparkle Again



A diamond bandeau and earrings and a flame coloured ostrich fan were the accessories to the costume of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior



At the opera Mrs. John Sanford wore a diamond tiara and a diamond dog-collar and a large diamond brooch



The jewels of Mrs. George F. Baker, junior, worn at the Bird Cage Tea-room, were a string of pearls, a diamond brooch, and two small band rings

VERY interesting, just at present, is the manner in which fashions are changing with the times. The increasing interest in dress has become exceedingly noticeable. In the workrooms of the Fifth Avenue dressmakers and of those in the neighbouring by-ways, the lights burn well into the night and busy fingers fly unceasingly in their efforts to supply fine raiment for those who are taking part in the various entertainments which are once again a part of the routine of the New York woman's day. For the moment, interest focuses upon evening gowns, as this is an item of dress in which all feminine wardrobes are depleted. The new evening gowns are decidedly different in character from their predecessors of pre-war days. At present, this difference is evidenced most conspicuously in materials, for, as yet, there is no new silhouette. Metal tissue and metal brocades are being used very largely for these costumes, and this is an innovation, as it has been several seasons since any amount of these fabrics has been seen. The transition took place almost over night. On the day prior to the signing of the armistice, the shopper strolling through the textile department of one of the large Fifth Avenue shops was greeted by counters bearing bolts of stuffs of sombre hues. The following day witnessed a complete transformation. Instead of the dull blues and browns and the cold whites of the preceding day, these same counters were piled high with textures full of colour and with glittering metal brocades—materials which had been stored away for several years against the time when the greatest struggle of the ages should have ended.

THE NEW EVENING GOWNS

Characteristic of the new type of evening gown was the costume worn recently by Mrs. Ogden L. Mills at the opening of the Nine O'Clock Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof. This is a novelty in metropolitan entertainments, and it is timed to meet the requirements of the people who dine too late to go to a play and who do not



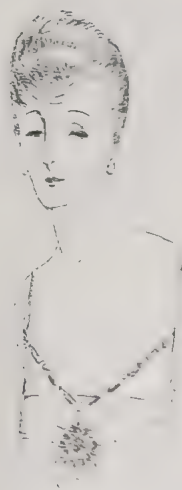
Mrs. J. P. Amsden occupied a box with Mrs. Haggin at the opera



This low tiara and dog-collar of diamonds were the jewels an Englishwoman wore recently at the opera



Mrs. Perry Belmont follows the becoming English fashion of putting a little black bow behind a jewelled slipper buckle



...the new type of evening gown was the costume worn recently by Mrs. Ogden L. Mills at the opening of the Nine O'Clock Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof. This is a novelty in metropolitan entertainments, and it is timed to meet the requirements of the people who dine too late to go to a play and who do not

JEWELS ARE AGAIN IN FAVOUR

The wearing of jewels, this season, is by no means restricted to the evening. During the day,



Iridescent, cupped feathers trimmed the small black straw hat worn with a high and interesting fur collar



At the marriage of Miss Mildred Rice to Mr. Richard Newton, junior, the bride wore a quaint little face veil which was removed by the maid of honour during the ceremony



Helmet-like in shape and trimmed with black feathers was this hat of the new "sipper" straw in tête de nègre

One sees elaborate collars and brooches on older women, and sometimes a younger matron wears, in addition to the inevitable string of pearls, a diamond ornament of much charm. One afternoon a short time ago, Mrs. George F. Baker, junior, had tea at the Bird Cage, the smart tea-room opened in connection with the Red Cross Shop on Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Baker supplemented a wonderful string of pearls with a round brooch of diamonds worn just below it. Two little band rings were worn on her small finger, one of diamonds and one of onyx.

Accessories, other than jewels, are not of especial interest. Very few coiffure ornaments are seen. Coiffures continue to be very simple and are generally adapted to the type of the individual. The smartest older women wear their hair waved and brought into some sort of knot on the crown of the head or turned under. Low coiffures are still worn by a great many of the

younger women, but as yet there is no unusual tendency towards this arrangement, despite the fact that rumours tell of its popularity in Paris. The rarely fortunate woman whose features are sufficiently perfect to permit her to brush her hair straight back from her brow and ears, achieves much distinction, but few American women can do this. This sort of coiffure is particularly charming if one's nose is long and just a trifle inclined to be retroussé. A charming young South American woman who recently dined at one of the hotels, had her hair arranged in this way, and this, combined with the perfect cut of her simple garnet velvet gown, made her the most interesting and the smartest figure in the room. Two strings of pearls, an onyx ring, and glistening buckles on her little red satin slippers were her only jewels.

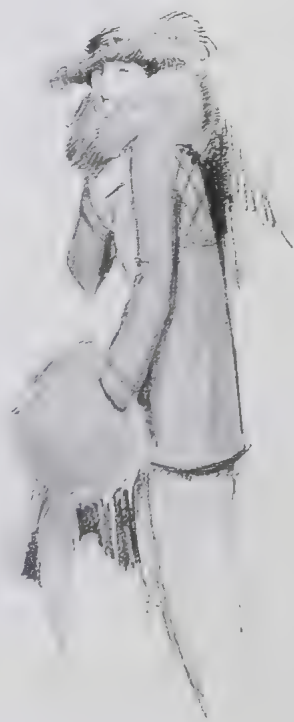
Slipper buckles are still worn extensively, and there is no denying their effectiveness with simple gowns. Mrs. Perry Belmont, who has lived in Europe a great deal, has adopted the rather interesting English custom of putting a little black bow behind the jewelled buckles of her evening slippers, thereby accenting the slenderness of the

ankles in a very graceful fashion. The slipper with the low French heel has been found so comfortable and at the same time so becoming to many feet that it is being very largely worn, and one sees it now in brocades, as well as the simple white and black satin in which it first appeared.

COMING CHANGES IN FASHION

There is great interest in the question of the coming changes in fashions. Every one seems to feel that something distinctly new is coming, but as yet no one seems to know in what direction the turn will be. Such American designers as produce really worth-while things are hard at work, but their doors have remained closed, and such things as have been brought out show no startling innovations. It is possible that something new may be launched at Palm Beach, for

(Continued on page 73)



A guest at the wedding of Miss Mildred Rice wore this attractive costume with rose fox furs



Only so piquant a profile as that of this young woman looks well with so severely simple a coiffure



This unusually chic costume, worn by a Frenchwoman, showed a distinctly new silhouette



DEMISE



Baron de Meyer

The whole duty of a Palm Beach hat involves so many things that it might discourage any but the most ambitious bit of head-gear. It includes shade and originality and becomingness and smartness,—and this season it is very apt to include black liséré straw. This charming afternoon model has attained success by facing its broad liséré brim with black satin and trimming the upper side with more satin edged with shirrings of jade green ribbon run with silver. The same gay ribbon winds in and out among the dull coloured silk and velvet flowers that trim the crown.

MODELS FROM BRUCK WEISS

POSED BY DOROTHY CUMMING



There is evidently a back-to-the-land movement in millinery, too, for this mushroom shape of hand-woven raffia with a raffia-edged brim of coffee coloured net, is a veritable farm-yard of chickens and turkeys made of brilliant ostrich feathers in red and yellow and laid flat against bright green ostrich flue trees and grasses

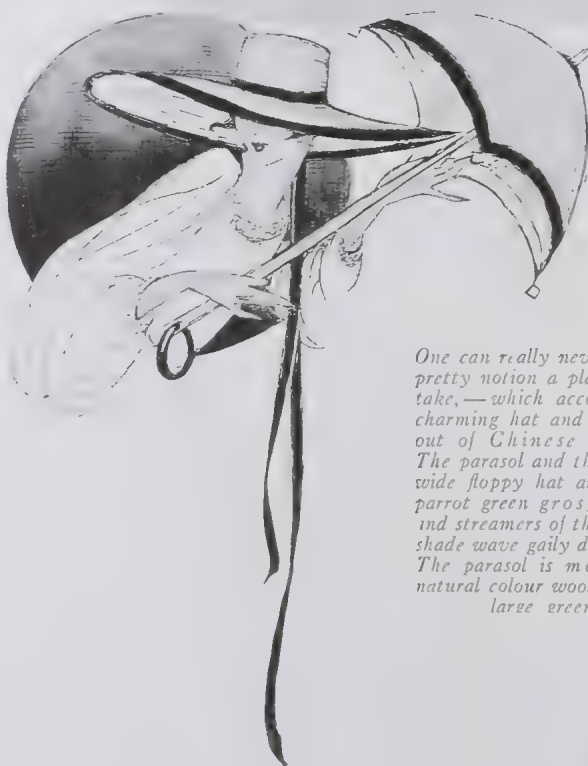
Half of the Charm of the South Lies
In Viewing the Scenery from Under
The Broad Brim of a Chic New Hat

There is as charming as the hat, and the model, Miss Cumming, wears it. "The Time" is this sports hat, a blue and white checked straw loosely woven, and lined with fine white tulle, and that might almost pose as white and blue. White grosgrain bows trim the sides of the blue satin about the crown.



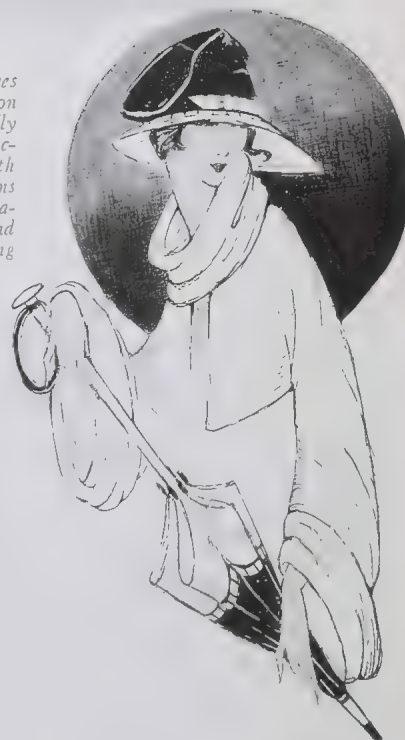
Baron de Meyer

A picture hat beneath a parasol, a pair of pretty eyes beneath the hat,—and one's fortune may be made on a sunny afternoon,—especially if the parasol is daintily poised, the hat naively tilted, the eyes gaily expectant. This fairy hat is of white net trimmed with bands of embroidered linen and outlined in sections with Valenciennes lace. The white embroidered parasol has a long point at one side ending in a tassel and is mounted on a white stick with an amber ring



One can really never tell what a pretty notion a plain thing may take,—which accounts for this charming hat and parasol made out of Chinese wall matting. The parasol and the brim of the wide floppy hat are outlined in parrot green grosgrain ribbon, and streamers of the same bright shade wave gaily down the back. The parasol is mounted on a natural colour wood stick with a large green ring

A backward glance over one's shoulder will owe much of its success to the provocative lines of the organdie brim on this hat of navy blue taffeta. The crown is in the jaunty tam-o-shanter shape. As for that most infallible of woman's weapons, the parasol,—this one is of navy blue taffeta with an edge of the white organdie and is mounted on a white wooden stick trimmed with a black ring



MODELS FROM LORD AND TAYLOR



Once upon a time it was a white silk shawl in China, but ingenious fingers fashioned it into a charming bag. The embroidery of the shawl is so deftly placed that it encircles the bag and forms a delicate trimming while the long soft shawl-fringe drips into a tassel. A dull silver mounting swings all this useful loveliness from one's slender wrist

NEW REASONS FOR GOING SOUTH ARE THESE SUR-
PRISING SUN HATS OF SUCH UNEXPECTED COMBINA-
TIONS AS NAVY BLUE TAFFETA AND WHITE ORGANDIE



One may motor becomingly and warmly in this cape-like coat with the upper part in blue satin and the lower part in navy blue tricotine. Bands of the tricotine trim the front, the sleeves, and the scarf-like collar which is worn with a grace over one shoulder. It may be draped to suit the individual wearer—or according to one's mood. And with a brief record for the newest fashion, it ends just below the knees



A wrap so carelessly becoming that one dares not call it by its staid name of "coat," is made in navy blue taffeta, lined with beige wool, and trimmed with silk and wool embroidery. One may use it successfully for a motor coat as well as for other occasions. Originality of line is its peculiar charm, for it drapes around the figure, has a deep shawl collar and semi-tight sleeves which flare into unexpected puffs at the top. These taffeta coats are very new, especially when lined with a wool material

American Beauty silk jersey blossomed into a wrap and wrap considered in gay apparels and lined with sapphire blue satin, and flaring into a deep skirt at the bottom. The line observed is the long-sleeved effect, and instead of being merely in the back as these coats usually blouses all the way round. Although such a wrap is not designed strictly for motoring, it may be used in that capacity. Wide openings for sleeves are outlined with blue embroidery and tipped with graceful long blue tassels



THE NEWEST COATS ARE FASHIONED IN TAFFETA,

SATIN COMBINED WITH TRICOTINE, AND SILK JERSEY—

AND THE LINING IS SURE TO BE A BRIGHT SURPRISE

SOME INTERESTING AMERICAN

WOMEN WHO HAVE MARRIED

AMONG OUR ENGLISH ALLIES



© Western Newspaper Union

The Countess Curzon of Kedleston, who was, before her marriage in 1917 to Earl Curzon, the widow of Mr. Alfred Duggan of Buenos Ayres, is shown with her daughter, little Miss Marcella Duggan. The Countess is the daughter of the late J. Monroe Hinds, United States Minister to Brazil.

© Underwood & Underwood



Earl Curzon of Kedleston is the eldest son of Baron Scarsdale, and has been Viceroy and Governor General of India. He is also the father of the young lady standing beside him, — Lady Alexandra Curzon, a daughter of Lord Curzon and his first wife, who was Mary Victoria Leiter of Chicago.



© Press Illustrating Service

When Lady Decies, who before her marriage was Miss Helen Vivien Gould, the daughter of Mr. George Jay Gould, is not too occupied with these three captivating small people, the Honorable Catherine, the Honorable Eileen, and the Honorable Arthur de la Poer Horsley Beresford, she devotes her time to the American Red Cross Care Committee.

SOCIETY FOLLOWS THE
HOUNDS AT THE
MEADOW BROOK HUNT
GIVEN AT WESTBURY
ON THANKSGIVING



This photograph shows three of the most eager huntswomen at the Meadow Brook Hunt. At the right is Mrs. H. J. Nicholas, wife of the Master of the Hunt, Mrs. Eric Winston is shown in the middle, and at the left is Miss Lula Fleitmann, one of the best known horsewomen in this country



(Left) Mrs. William Gladly Love was one of the enthusiastic followers of the hounds on Thanksgiving Day. She is a sister-in-law of Mrs. George F. Baker, junior, and spends every spring and autumn on Long Island



(Right) One of the most conspicuous figures at the Westbury hunt was Mrs. George F. Baker, junior. Mrs. Baker is a member of the committee in charge of the Bird Cage, a Red Cross tea-room which has been opened at 587 Fifth Avenue and which is run in connection with Pandora's Box, a Red Cross Shop



Above, Rarely, if ever, does Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden miss a Long Island hunt, for she is an ardent and most enthusiastic horsewoman. She was on the Committee for the Annual Horse Show held at Madison Square Garden, which this year was given for the benefit of the United War Relief Campaign in November



© International Film Service, Inc.

A hunt is an unfailingly blithe and spirited occasion, and this photograph shows the picturesque start of the Westbury hunt on Thanksgiving morning. The Meadow Brook event is always largely attended

FRESH FASHIONS IN SPRING FABRICS

Chippendale Foulards and Silk Tricot in New Weaves

Are Among the Fabrics that Are Sure of a Brilliant Future

FABRICS FROM HAAS

THAT printed silks and chiffons will be worn again this spring is now an established fact, and the new materials which have been brought out for the approaching season show a marked improvement in design and colouring over those of last year. Among the most attractive of the new silks of this type are the Chippendale foulards, which come in a great variety of designs. The material shown in the sketch at the upper right on this page and in the photograph just below it is a Chippendale foulard with a design of minute red flowers with little blue leaves on a creamy white ground. The frock in the sketch is trimmed with little quillings of the same material in white, and the vest consists of double folds of cream coloured chiffon crossed surplice fashion. This same material may be had in dark as well as light colourings.

PRINTED CHIFFONS AND CRÊPES

Printed chiffons and Georgette crêpes will be fashioned into the most delightful of afternoon gowns and cool weather frocks. The taupe brown Georgette crêpe cross-barred in white shown at

the lower right possesses charming possibilities. It comes also in rose, old-blue, and sunlight yellow similarly barred. Kitten's Ear Crêpe continues to be very largely used by many of the best dressmakers, and Callot silk nets will make their appearance in evening dresses and especially in gowns for young girls.

Paulette Satin is a material which will be used for spring street dresses. Such a dress is shown in the sketch in the middle of the page. This gown achieves much individuality from the collar, cuffs, and the turned-back bands at the bottom of the skirt, made of the same material as the dress laid in rather fine tucks.

THE NEW SILK TRICOTS

Silk tricots are being shown this season in a number of novel weaves for which an extensive vogue is predicted both in Paris and America. Pebelette Trico, shown in the second photograph from the left, comes in a very soft taupe shade which is particularly becoming. Dominette Trico, shown in the photograph at the left, has alternating squares of closely woven and rather open mesh



(Above) A Chippendale foulard with tiny red flowers and blue leaves on a creamy white ground (sample at left) makes a frock equal to the demands of the most exacting bright spring morning



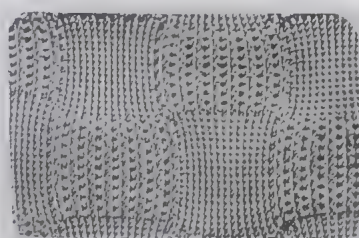
Tucked and turned-back bands at the collar and cuffs and the bottom of the skirt give this frock of Paulette satin a very enviable distinction



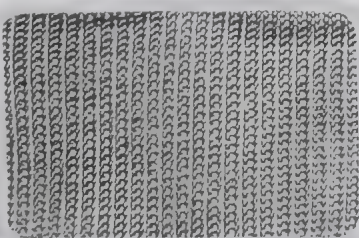
scattered over its surface, giving a lace-like appearance. Printed tricot is a novelty, and to this class belongs the new Chippendale Trico, shown in the second photograph from the right. This material is printed in cross-bars and other designs in contrasting colours. In the more striking effects it is best adapted for sports wear, but in such colours as brown and black and navy blue and red it is suitable for street wear in town.

OTHER POPULAR MATERIALS

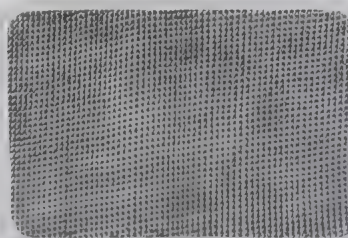
Gloveskin duvetyn, which is an all-silk material of most exquisite quality, will be seen in street gowns, and gloveskin velvet, Chéruit twill, and Tricot Serge will be used a great deal with charming and interesting effects.



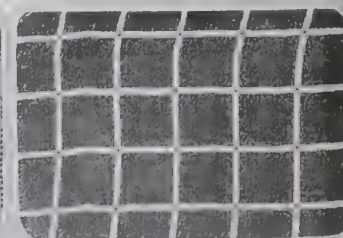
Dominette Trico gains a lace-like appearance from its alternating squares of close and loose mesh



Pebelette Trico has a particularly effective weave which is especially suitable for a simple frock



Chippendale Printed Trico has cross-bars and various designs in attractive contrasting colours



Printed Georgette crêpe, cross-barred in white, may be had in taupe, rose, old-blue, and tan

THE FIRST FASHIONS OF PEACE IN PARIS

I MANAGE to make my way through the terrific crowd in the station and to secure my place in the railway carriage; there I sit, my head still spinning with the joyous sound of Paris *en fête*, Paris restored to life after a long and tedious convalescence. Then comes the journey and the awakening at Marseilles under a marvellous sky, where the smell of the air, the sea, and the very streets, add new pleasures to my overflowing heart.

All those who remained in Paris in the hour of her need are entitled to a respite now that the storm has abated. And where is a lovelier haunt for recovering one's strength than in the warm perfumed air of the beautiful Mediterranean coast? In this peaceful spot, far from the noise of war, one will be able to consider the tremendous events of the last four years in their true proportions, and to review in memory the various military heroes. Those who have left in print a record of their hopes and dreams, will be nearer to us there, because we can read them and think of them at our leisure.

A POET WHO DIED FOR FRANCE

In my traveling bag are the poems and letters of Alan Seeger. Madeleine Le Chevrel, in an article full of feeling which appeared in *Le Gaulois*, said that the young American who wrote, "Death is nothing terrible after all; perhaps it is some-

With Gowns and Fêtes and Theatres, Paris

Gives Expression to All Its Happiness

After Four Long Anxious Years of War

music by the Royal Guard as an accompaniment. The Baroness Henri de Rothschild, who offered her house for the organization of this club, mingled with the crowd, looking particularly distinguished in her nurse's uniform, and was much admired and congratulated. The women who gathered there that day, in the rooms usually reserved for officers and their friends, were as charmingly

gowned as in the days before the war. The effect was similar to that of the big receptions given at the embassies five years ago and was so novel that one could hardly accustom oneself to it.

The dominant note was black, the brilliant black of satins or silk jerseys, or the black of jet brightening mat or wooden materials. Capes of fur, velvet, or satin, were in evidence everywhere. Two of them are sketched on pages 33 and 35. They were worn by women who were much admired during that afternoon among a crowd so great that it was difficult to distinguish anything except hats. The tall and slender Mrs. Paget, in spite of the fact that the day was very warm, wore a black satin wrap of a shape very difficult to describe. A square collar of monkey fur reached below the waist in back, between the shoulders, but was hardly wide enough to be noticed on the shoulders themselves. The bottom of the wrap was edged with monkey fur, cut very short. This wrap is sketched in the middle of this page. One of the characteristics of these capes is that they are made rather short, like our skirts,



At the Cercle Interallié, Mrs. Paget wore this interesting black satin wrap with a deep cut narrow collar reaching far marking a note new to fashion her shoulders at the back.

thing even more marvellous than life," was so great a poet that the fame which his heart desired would not delay in coming to him. He had no need to go and seek for it, for fame and his genius had recognized and smiled at each other. He died in France for pure love of this brilliant country. "My only reason for fighting is that this France, this Paris, which I love, may forever be synonymous with glory and beauty," he wrote. Such ideals, such altruism, justify our innermost dreams. Beside the splendour of this sea, over which sailed so many Homeric heroes, we shall realize the infinite grandeur of the things that have been accomplished in our own time.

PARIS AND PEACE

I left Paris in a drizzling rain. The Place de la Concorde, like a battlefield, displays to a curious crowd gathered together under dripping umbrellas the guns taken from the enemy. The joy in the hearts of the people makes up for the bad weather. We have borne everything during the last four years, but now, at last, peace has come.

The fête given at the Cercle Interallié remains in my memory as a particularly bright event. Great enthusiasm and emotion were shown by every one, and patriotic songs were sung with



JENNY

Bright green jersey underlined in heavy white angora wool is the latest word in the popular jersey serial running in Paris this winter.



Madame Hollier Larousse wore this unusual theatre frock of white mouseline de soie embroidered in jet over a white satin underdress.

CHANEL

This Parisienne is just a slender exclamation point emphasizing the smartness of the colour brown in a long unbroken length of brown bure and big brown corozo buttons



CHANEL

The Duchess Sforza buttons a surprising amount of chic into her black coat with kolinsky trimming and pocket, that add two interesting points to the silhouette. The becoming hat is from Lewis



CHANEL

That the couturiers are still embroidering their way to success is proved again in this blue satin frock embroidered in brown and silver and orange and made with a fur-banded tunic and a vest of Chantilly lace



CHANEL

The drum-major hat, from Lewis, that tops the chic little head of the Duchess Sforza, flares into monkey fur and drips black jet. More jet, combined with white silk chenille, trims her black satin frock

so that our stockings and shoes are especially noticeable.

The silhouette for spring is still undetermined, but I do not mind prophesying that there will be a change from the fashions that have been too long with us, and that there will be at least an attempt to push the style of skirt that hugs the figure very close in back. This very definitely curved line will be combined with a looser line in front, for all the fulness of these skirts will be in front. Quite the reverse line will mark the bodices, which will be loose in back and tight in front—an odd combination. For street wear many slightly longer skirts will be introduced, for here in Paris skirts have been too short; and the skirts of evening gowns will be decidedly longer; however, many smart women will continue to wear short skirts for street and afternoon. Tailored suits will be loose as contrasted to the shapelier dresses.

Here on the Riviera in these streets edged with palm trees, I see many capes late in the afternoon when the trade wind blows up cool. Furs are worn even at Nice and Monte Carlo, but in lighter colours than the ones we have been wearing in Paris. Wool velours edged with castor, flat caracul giving an effect of broadtail, squirrel with its white stripes cunningly arranged—these are the furs I see every day on the most perfectly gowned women on the Riviera.

As I came out of a concert at Monte Carlo I saw an unusually beautiful young woman stepping into her motor. She was wearing a loosely fitted redingote of castor with a band of silk tricot about three-quarters of a yard wide in the back giving the effect of checks. This silk tricot, which was of the same shade as the fur, was used in the same way on the collar and cuffs. Generally speaking, the wraps which I see on the promenade at Monte Carlo or at the hotel impress me as being very elaborate. Some of them have pieces of fur set in in diamond shapes or in motifs of various designs; this trimming is used only on



There's sable—that's for sumptuousness; and there's monkey fur, that's for fringe and flair; and the wrap they make is for remembrance, as you can readily see, for who that had once seen it could forget it.

the shoulders. Wraps like these seem more like dresses than coats, and are excellent for the southern climate, where, although the temperature is so variable, a wrap entirely of fur would be unbearably hot. This pretty innovation is due, it seems, to the ingenuity of Grunwaldt. The two models from this house, sketched on this page, show great originality. One recent evening one of our prettiest Paris comediennes wore a fichu of ermine paws fringed with monkey fur over a dress of gold and tête de nègre.

FROM THE HOUSE OF JENNY

Jenny's dresses have had a great success,—those for daytime wear in particular. The pretty Russian trotteur sketched at the lower right on page 33 is an ideal model for traveling from Cannes to Nice or Mentone. One is obliged to make these trips by train until automobiles return, and hence one must dress rather simply.

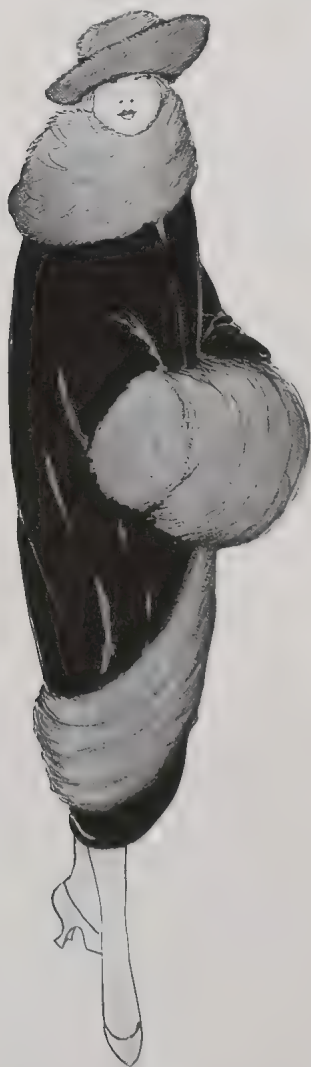
At a tea at the Hotel A. given by the elegant Madame de Blest Gana, some pretty dresses from Chanel attracted my attention. Several of these models are shown in the sketches on page 34. One of "crow" blue satin in a loose chemise style was deeply embroidered in motifs of orange silk enriched with gold, silver, and black. The effect was very splendid, although the dress was both simple and practical. A band of otter was placed at the edge of the chemise tunic. In all of Chanel's models the underskirts are very short, coming only about six inches below the tunic. From the same designer was the black satin dress worn by the Duchess Sforza. The border was of white chenille and bright jet, with a little chenille and jet at the opening of the neck and on the long sleeves. The hat worn with this dress was from Lewis and was very charming; made entirely of monkey fur, it gave the effect of standing on end in a tempest, and of being held down by two large balls and fringes of jet over each

ear. With her coat of black velvet, also from Chanel, the Duchess Sforza wears a little "petasus," that head-dress of Greek youth which we often see in the statues of Mercury. This one of stiff black satin has its front covered with paradise feathers and is entirely veiled with black tulle edged with chenille dots, with heavier tassels of chenille at the four corners of the veil. The coat, narrow at the bottom and buttoned down the sides as far as the fur border, has two pointed pockets. For the collar, a scarf of otter is fastened at the right side of the opening at the neck and left free at the left side. It is thrown over the shoulder and falls like a sports scarf, a very new effect in so formal a costume.

A DELIGHTFUL MUSICAL

At a musicale at the home of Madame Julien Ochsé, the talented sculptress, I saw several extremely elegant women. The house is decorated in the style of the Second Empire and is really marvellous, and Fernand Ochsé charmed the intimate gathering with ancient and modern songs. One very smart Parisienne wore an otter cape thrown back to show a simple dress of black serge with a white "Dauphin" chemise. A toque of plain linen, worn with a veil, and a muff to match completed an ensemble that is both simple and well selected.

The Marquise de Polignac, who has recently arrived from New York, was also present. She wore a coat of black satin trimmed with kinkly, over a dress of black satin and a blouse of elephant grey velvet. Madame Lilas wore a cape of black satin trimmed with silver fox and a large velvet toque fastened with beautiful pearls. Mlle. d'Hinnisdal, in a cerise wool jersey dress and a white plush hat, was particularly charming. The Marquise de Chabannes was exquisite in a chemise dress of white crepe de Chine trimmed with little fringes of black silk. Her hat was a small tiara of black taffeta.



At the opening of the Cercle Interallié, a club for officers and their friends, Madame Barrantin wore a coat of black satin and kolinsky, cut by the narrow silhouette



A fur motor coat is usually rather heavy and bulky, but this one of grey squirrel, with stripes of white, is almost as soft and light as a coat of chiffon velvet



MARTHE GAUTHIER

Silk jersey, that darling of the Parisian goddesses of fashion, is here shown in the ingenu rôle of a navy blue afternoon frock trimmed with skunk even to the slender outline of its trim silhouette

At a tea given by the Comtesse d'Hautpoul, the Comtesse de Bérandière wore a coat of tête de nègre duvetyn with an original pelerine collar of otter and two straight bands of otter, about three-quarters of a yard wide, running the full length of the coat in the back and front. This is another instance of the unusual trimming used on the new coats. The Comtesse d'Hautpoul wore a blouse of silk jersey—a fashion which is very popular at present. One sees these silk jersey blouses in all colours. This one, which was of a rather loose weave, had a medallion opening at the neck. These blouses are made with large meshed jersey above the waist and fine meshed jersey below. They fit the figure closely and come just a little below the hips, with no border or trimming at the bottom. They are usually in bright colours, except when they match the skirt, which, in most instances, is of fine wool jersey. Mlle. Cécile Sorel wears blouses of this type in various colours under a coat of chinchilla or sable. On the Mediterranean coast, they are more worn at present than any thing else, either with or without furs, according to the weather. Nothing could be prettier than a group of these bright colours, which look like a field of hyacinths.

I went to the theatre every evening just before I left Paris. The first night audiences have a gay and elegant air which has not been seen since the war. At the Théâtre Réjane, at the Porte Saint Martin, at the Vaudeville, and at the Palais Royal, our couturiers have designed some beautiful costumes which show a great deal of thought and have a real psychological significance, instead of merely being designed with the idea of making an effect. This shows real progress, for the matter of costume was a reef on which many a play has come to grief, and productions often fell flat from an excess of elaborate decoration which irritated the audience and the critics, who desired first of all something to interest their minds.

Perhaps "Le Filon," at the Palais Royal, is not exactly intellectual, but its wit is very spontaneous at all events, and Jenny's costumes are so simple and charming that one is sure to like them. A filmy white dress over a black satin slip, with the bottom of the skirt in otter and little ribbons of ermine at the waist fastened with paste buckles, is very charming. A coat of myrtle blue velvet trimmed with black fox with gold paillettes on the shoulders is no less clever in its great simplicity of line.

At the Casino de Paris, in "Pa-Ri-Ki-Ri," Mlle. Mistinguett is dressed—or rather undressed—with her usual style and elegance. Her gowns of rhinestones on white tulle, and of black jet strewn with brilliants and held on the shoulders by straps of brilliants, would make charming dinner gowns if they were modified a little in length. Another dress, sleeveless and cut in a straight décolleté across the shoulders, is of black velvet with a sash of "Zynia" taffeta tied in front.

At the Renaissance, Madame Cora Laparcerie wears several effective costumes. One, in white voile embroidered in white jet with a redingote of tête de nègre velvet, is especially attractive.

Just as I am closing this letter a piece of good news reaches me. Mrs. Harjes, whose canteen is at present at Malmaison, has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre at Nantes. Her courage and devotion in remaining at Soissons when the Germans were marching on Paris won for her this great distinction, and the news that she has been so honoured will delight all the *haute monde* of Paris, among whom she has so many friends.

J. R. F.

VOGUE POINTS

SLOWLY but surely the French couturiers are getting back to work with their old enthusiasm. Although this has not made itself evident by any change as radical as an entirely new silhouette, it is shown in many little ways. Evening gowns, for instance, are far less simple. The most elaborate materials obtainable are being used, and gorgeous embroideries, as well as gay colours, are coming into their own. Both French



MARTHE GAUTHIER

Even the news that her house was on fire and her children could roam would not disturb this sophisticated lady-bug, embroidered in red, mauve, black, and silver on a skunk-trimmed black velvet frock



De Givenchy

Siberian dormouse makes the large rectangular scarf which serves as a coat for this beige woollen jersey morning costume, seen in the Bois

and Englishwomen, who have been enduring the sacrifices of war since the fourth day of August, 1914, many of whom have worn mourning two or three years of that time, are trying to adjust themselves to the new era of peace. The Paris houses are filled with orders from a private clientele. They are, in fact, so busy filling orders, for evening gowns especially, and for street clothes to a great extent, that they have little time to create. The Frenchwoman has almost entirely dropped her war garb, consisting of a one-piece dress and top-coat, in favour of the tailored suit. Tweeds, gabardines, and serges are used, and a few mixtures. These materials are not the choice of the couturiers, but rather the fabrics that dire necessity forces upon them.

IT is common gossip now that both coats and skirts will be longer. Although this may be new for Paris, it is not new for New York, as we have been wearing fairly long skirts for the past two seasons. In Paris the evening gowns, in particular, show a decided increase in length.

BLOUSES are made of dark coloured linens and crashes and of a fabric that very much resembles towelling. The white ruffled blouses, too, are making their appearance. If we may believe in these first indications, the popularity of the collarless neck-line is passing. As a matter of fact, Madame Renée of Premet, in her own dresses of tweed, uses a taffeta silk turn-over collar, about two inches wide, which outlines a deeply pointed neck-line and ties itself in ends of the taffeta. These ends loop together in a bow at the front of an otherwise untrimmed bodice.

EVENING gowns are very low, both in the back and the front. In one instance a Premet gown of black satin has a low round neck, a long-waisted bloused bodice, and an unusual skirt which is longer in front than it is at the back.

The trade winds rattle the palm trees on the cliffs of Charlotte Amelia, and the tropical sun makes sharp black shadows in the white streets. Over the groves of banana trees and the red roofs of the houses, far off on the edge of the warm sea, Porto Rico floats among the white horizon clouds



(Below) Pink and blue and yellow are the houses that climb like flowering vines over the three hills on which the town is built. Most of them have two pairs of shutters, the inner ones of lattice, with heavy wooden outer ones to keep out the noon-day sun

(Below) This is the Great White Way of Charlotte Amelia, and here is to be seen the narrow, busy, and expensive street that a West Indian ever allows himself. The only other part of the town that is as busy is the harbor, where ships from all corners of the world are securely moored in the docks of the island blacks



(Right) Here is a wise provision of Nature for the traveler in tropical lands. On her arm she carries a pail of glasses, and, at the side of her soda-water tank, are a few extra bottles of syrup to flavour the soda-water to one's taste



(Below) St. Thomas, the Danish West Indies and newly acquired by the United States, lies just east of Porto Rico. A range of hills runs from east to west, and in them is found Charlotte Amelia, the only town



© Brown and Dawson

CHARLOTTE AMELIA, THE SWEETHEART OF THE DANISH WEST INDIES,
WHO RECENTLY TRANSFERRED HER AFFECTIONS TO THE UNITED STATES

CUBA, THE EMERALD TREAS-

URE SPARKLING IN THE

FAR-FAMED SPANISH MAIN

A LAND OF MUSLINS AND

MANTILLAS AND MYSTERIOUS

GRILLED AND LATTICED WINDOWS



Any one who has seen the unique Campo Santo at Genoa has a fair idea of a Cuban cemetery, for the same bizarre lack of Anglo-Saxon reserve distinguishes the two both. Here the Cuban women come with their children, bringing their luncheon and spending the day among the graves bright with fresh roses and wreaths of artificial flowers imported from Spain. Children's tombstones are hung with bisque figures of pink cherubs wearing blue sashes. Even at night the cemeteries are not gloomy, for then all the lanterns and candles on the graves are lighted.



"When God is not willing, the Saints have no power," says Concepcion, the cook, returning from market (ten miles from her kitchen door), without the mangoes that she had hoped to bring. But her trip has been a success otherwise, for she has succeeded in buying, after a long exchange of insults with the various vendors, the best of everything in the market, before she allowed herself a leisurely cup of "cafe con leche" at a nearby booth and a still more leisurely gossip. Concepcion, as you see, proposes to be among those whom the sun shall not melt by day, or the moon by night, for Cubans fear the moon's rays, and like sailors, are firm in their belief that day madness lies



Panniers are worn in Cuba—at least by the tropical horse, that strange assemblage of bones and energy, which is like nothing else in the world of animals—one suspects them all of being descended from the rats of Cinderella's coach. These panniers, made of plaited palm and sisal, are filled with farm produce which Juan, the next to the youngest of the farmer's fifteen children, will peddle at city doors, calling out in Spanish the five sweet symphonies of their names—sweet potatoes, casava, yams, oranges, and bananas

In the sweeter greener land of Cuba, royal palms and mangoes lend their cool masses where a swift stream runs by the garden wall, its shadows as dark and inscrutable as the eyes of the señoritas who play with their caged birds and parrots behind the iron grille

Under the glare of the Cuban sun, shining on the rose and yellow of the houses and the red tiled roofs, only one small Cuban urchin and a busy vendor of rice powder and rouge (two articles that are very popular with Cuban señors as well as señoras and señoritas) have dared to come into this shadeless little one-way street that leads from the harbour to the old "Church of the Angels,"—but by night, when all the Cuban world loves to be abroad, its narrow length is full of the soft sound of Spanish murmured behind languid fans or the gentle creak of many señoras rocking on the over-hanging balconies



Of the making of iron grilles there is no end in Cuba, for iron grilles and iron bars make not only the doors but the windows of the houses. The sudden descents of the pirates of other days were the exciting cause behind this custom, together with a prosaic lack of the necessary window-glass. To be sure, the result lacks something in privacy, but it gains a delicious coolness and an atmosphere of romance



(Right) If one is a Cuban señorita, one scorns the stiff hats of Northern lands for the soft, flowing mantilla that shades from the sun—or from curious glances—and lends a touch of Spanish coquetry



One knows that so picturesque a gate of Spanish iron, plastered with white and softened by long years of sun and rain and southern breezes must be used with many a warning—and must, of course, lead to a garden that is fragrant with flowers. The four-arched gate leads to a low red-brick Cuban house, and the gate is set out on the rear of the Church of St. Jacinto, at Santiago de Cuba

(Left) When the wind, the Cuban señoritas are true to custom and mantillas and long flowing gowns—also a touch of ruff and more than a touch of powder glowing white on their dark arms and faces



Photograph by Frances Benjamin Johnston

Willis Polk, Architect

THE ESTATE OF MR. JAMES K. MOFFETT AT PIEDMONT, CALIFORNIA

From an Italian villa in the hills that lie around Florence, one might look out on such a sun-warmed vista as this, shadowed with cedar and box, and bright with orange trees and roses; and in such a gar-

den might Paolo and Francesca have sat, when "in that book they read no more that day." In two pools of different shapes all the delicate moods of an irresponsible and lovely summer's day are writ in water

"THE TAMARACKS,"
HOME OF FRANKLIN
COLBY, Esq.

ANDOVER,
NEW JERSEY

Directly in front of the house is a little garden enclosed by a low hedge. Its focal point is an octagonal fountain, from which rises a basin crowned with a flying Cupid. From this, steps lead down on to a bricked path that terminates in a pool. It appears like a great distance, and yet so near is the pool to the house that it can mirror the arched portico and deep overhanging eaves



The new house was built around an old structure that had been standing on the site over a hundred years. The one remaining feature of it is the dining room fireplace with the old bake oven still in service. An open beam ceiling and rough-cast walls furnish a dignified background for the Lancashire chairs and Jacobean hutches with which the room is furnished



Harting

THE WALL OF PANELED BIRCH

There is a richness about the texture of some woods that makes it almost criminal to cover them with paint. In the New York residence of Mrs. Minthurn Pinchot the dining room is paneled in birch, stained slightly to give it a warmth of

tone, and waxed. The fireplace is set almost flush with the walls and the side lights are simple so that nothing detracts from the beauty of this background. The architects were Murphy & Dana. Other photographs on pages 14 and 15



"Philosophers", by Shubun. Among Shubun's pupils was Masanobu, renowned for his hieratic paintings



A Landscape screen by Maruyama Okyo, naturalist, who was accustomed to paint directly from his subjects



"Prelates", by Maruyama Okyo. Together with two pupils he decorated the Daijo Temple of Kamaeizan

At Horyuji Temple, near Nara, there is a pleasant little sculpture, *Prince Shotoku of Japan as a Child*. And, in a document lately found at the temple, a priest has written that "we, wishing to do a deed by virtue of which we may be admitted to Nirvana, cause with the deepest reverence the making of this sculpture." A legend says that, shortly before Shotoku's birth, an angel told his mother that the child was predestined to teach the whole world, the story further holding that the mother suffered no pain when the prince was born. This reverential way in which he is viewed is indeed only just, for he, if any man, merits the title of the father of Japanese painting. It was in 572 A. D. that he was born, a little prior to which time Buddhism had been brought to Japan by Korean missionaries, and when yet a boy the prince showed himself deeply in love with the beautiful Indian religion. He fought on its behalf against the party seeking to uphold by the sword Japan's pristine faith of Shinto; later he gave both great energies and fine gifts to lecturing and writing on Buddha's teaching; and in eagerness that this should have a worthy temple in Japan, he founded Horyuji.

Work at the Temple

Loving art keenly, himself a talented sculptor, and friendly with one of the best Korean painters of his day, Prince Asa Shotoku entered with the utmost zest into personal supervision of decorations at the temple; and some frescoes there, depicting angels and Buddhistic deities, are regarded as the oldest paintings existing in Japan. It has been suggested that the artist, named Cho, was in actuality a Korean. But Shotoku soon had the satisfaction of seeing many of his own compatriots actively painting, which

early group found their subjects exclusively in the pantheon of that faith whose spreading, in Japan, might have been long delayed but for the sculptor-prince.

The Chinese Influences

Study of the frescoes at Horyuji does not reveal the exact nature of the paint used, which, presumably, was something akin to tempera, although, for independent pictures, water-

color was always the medium of the Japanese till quite recent times. The early Buddhistic artists naturally took their formulae chiefly from Buddha's own land, and naturally looked for technical enlightenment to China, painting having begun there so much earlier than in Japan. But has not the similarity between Chinese and Japanese art been greatly exaggerated? Some writers actually infer that Japan, as a painter, lacked character of her own, and merely uttered her neighbor's.

Nevertheless, almost from the first, the Japanese wrought with an elegance, a daintiness, beyond the alchemy of the Middle Kingdom school. And, whereas Chinese art is somewhat staid and solemn to the Western mind, Japanese is notably light-hearted, abounding too in humor. Consonantly it often expresses a fondness for the grotesque, which taste is marked in the pictures by Kobo Daishi, who, living at the end of the 9th Century, is famous as the inventor of the syllabic signs with which his fellow-countrymen write today.

Kose no Kanaoka

Kobo attained great distinction in the clerical profession, but, as painter, he was in no way comparable to Kose no Kanaoka, who was born about 850, and began life as a designer of those pretty landscape-gardens for which Japan is so famous, his avowed aim in work of this kind being ever to attain quite natural effects. Then, his skill with the brush coming under the notice of the Mikado, he was long kept busy with religious pictures for the royal palace, painting some in a bold, simple style, others minutely. But the best of all his extant works is one at Ninwanji Temple, near Kyoto, a memorial



"The Han Emperor, Kao Tsung", part of a silk screen ascribed to Tosa Mitsunobu, who died in 1525. Examples of his work are very rare

(Continued on page 75)



A LITTLE PORTFOLIO OF GOOD INTERIORS

The breakfast room in the residence of Mrs. Christian de Guigne, San Francisco, is an example of a small room in which the Louis Seize spirit has been pleasingly reproduced. The walls are pale gray green, with painted panels let in as over-doors and above the console. The curtains are butter colored taffeta. Special interest is found in the black marble-

topped console with its Venetian glass vases, the marqueterie-top table and the wrought-iron fixtures delicately reproducing the floral sprays and ribbons of the period. A plain carpeting rug affords contrast to the delicate colors and contours of the furniture and walls.

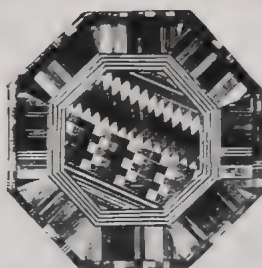
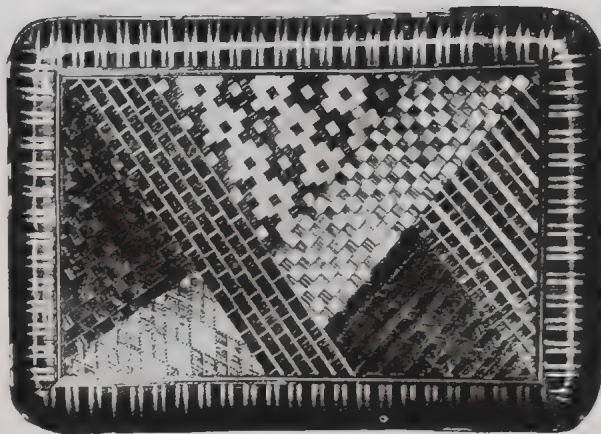
The architect and decorator was Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe

about it." Unfortunately the good gentleman did not live to carry out his intention. Later I conceived the notion of writing an article about straw marqueterie and I thought it would lend interest to it to include illustrations of pieces in the Hodgkin collection. However, my intention was, for the time, blighted on receiving a reply to my request which expressed a hope that I would leave the field completely clear for his projected monograph, appending the suggestion that he would be much troubled if I did not. To be amiable is not always a collector's privilege, but in this instance I embraced mine and hastened to assure the dean of antiquarians that I withdrew from competition with his inexhaustible plans for writing about everything on the face of the earth.

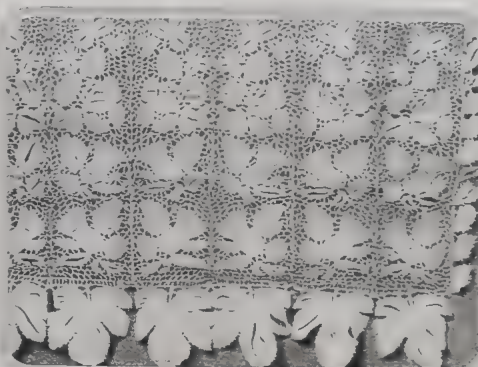
Now that he is no more, what is said of straw marqueterie and objects of art made by prisoners of war cannot challenge hostility in a spirit whose eagerness was often misjudged, whereas it ought to have been measured, as I measured it, by its extraordinary capacity as a genius among collectors who ought to have been given the first chance to tell all he knew before others took a hand at telling it. His interesting volumes under the title of *Rariora* are, unfortunately, out of print. In one of these he did reproduce some of the specimens of straw marqueterie in his own extensive collection, and as I am not privileged to reproduce these here, I will refer the reader who wishes further to interest himself in the subject, to the pages of those erudite tomes which he may be fortunate enough to find on the shelves of some of the more important art libraries in America.

The Variety of Prison Wares

From times immemorial, I suppose, war prisoners who have not been enslaved by their captors but have been treated without barbarity have sought to enlighten their tedium by various sorts of handicraft, exerting to the utmost their ingenuity in the matter of tools and materials. To-day the subject is one of immediate interest to us. Already have art objects made by prisoners of war interned in Holland and in Switzerland reached us. In time they will come to be as treasured as the antiques made by



Both the above trays are 19th Century Japanese straw marqueterie. Vari-colored straws are glued in a design on a wooden base



Cut paper has always been a favorite diversion of war prisoners

18th Century straw marqueterie ball made by Italian prisoners



Straw marqueterie basket made by a French prisoner of war long ago



the prisoners of war of the Napoleonic period and of earlier times. To catalogue the variety of such things would require page after page. Naturally nearly all such objects are "handy" in size and one does not look for particularly large specimens of war prisoners' art work. One begins to realize, after visiting the convalescents' ward of a military hospital, what a blessing to the soldier some knowledge of an art handicraft may be. I have seen several marvelous things whittled out of wood by prisoners of war, bone carvings, beadwork, jewelry that indicate the godsend the work must be to the soldier prisoner detained in the enemy's camp. But of all these objects I know of none that are more beautiful than those of straw marqueterie.

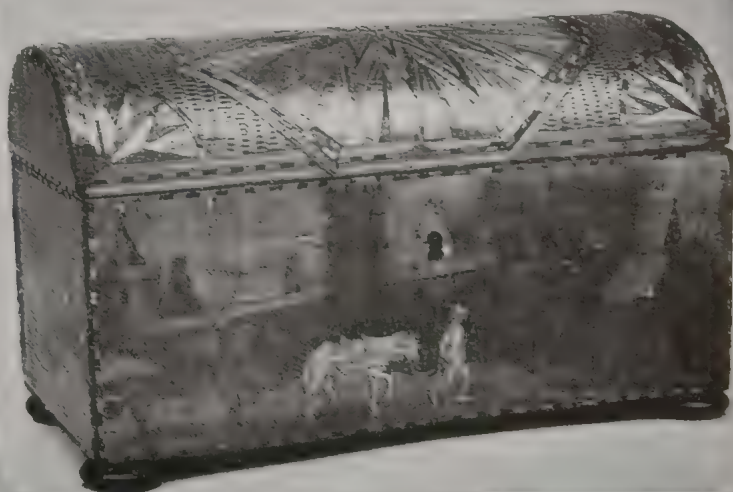
I do not know where the art originated. Mr. Hodgkin confessed to a like hiatus in his knowledge of the subject. However, I have no doubt but that artistic straw inlaying was practiced in the Orient at a very early date. Thence it may have been brought into Europe. I feel sure that it was known and practiced during the period of the Renaissance in Italy, and I consider the old Italian examples of this craft to be the earliest European ones.

Straw Marqueterie

This early Italian straw marqueterie is distinguished by its rich golden and golden browns of various shades, suggesting the richness of Venetian pictures. The objects to be covered by the artist in straw were of various materials, such as wood, paper, papier-mâché, cloth and occasionally glass, metal or bone. The design, pattern or picture was worked out by pasting filaments and little sections of straw (stained to various colors) on the surfaces of the objects to be covered, and then varnished. The minuteness of some of this straw work is extraordinary. It would seem to have necessitated the use of a glass of high magnifying power as well as to have required almost superhuman patience and ingenuity to put it together. Moreover, these early pieces in straw marqueterie were so faithfully fabricated that they have come down to us in excellent condition.



A straw marqueterie box made by an 18th Century French prisoner of war. The details of color and line in the flowers must have required infinite patience



An elaborate miniature coffer in straw marqueterie done in the early 19th Century by a French prisoner of war. The design is worked out in soft colors

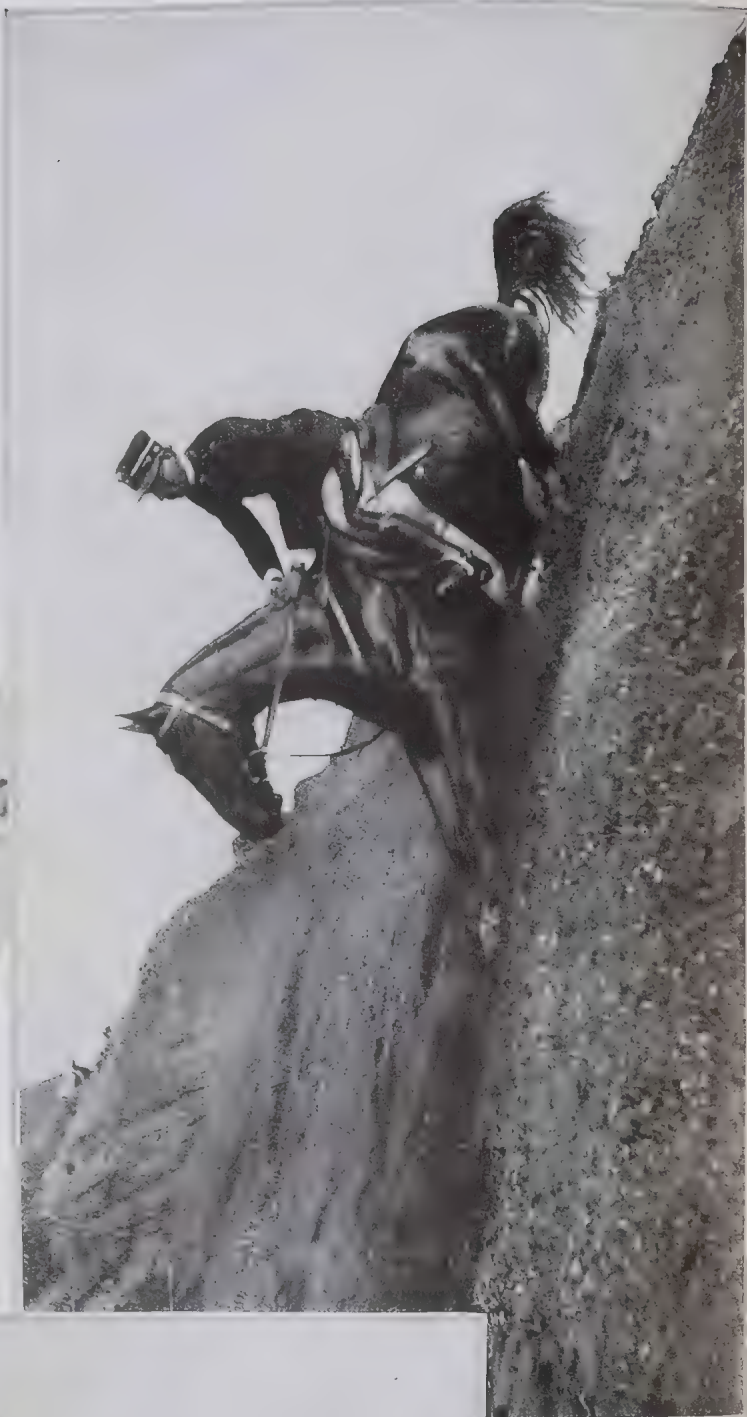
Italian Rough Riders

Many Officers Graduated From Saddle to Airplane

EVEN before the war, the feats of the Italian cavalry were widely known in Europe and America and the officers of many nations in both hemispheres were annually to benefit by the remarkable experiences of the vertical descents, obstacle jumping and cross-country runs of the Tor di Quinto school. At the last International Equestrian Tournament, held at Vienna, Italian officers won eleven out of the twelve first prizes and took forty-eight prizes all told. One of the great and comparatively little known contributions of this branch of the service to Italy's war work, however, was the service of cavalry officers in aviation. Many of them took to the air during the war and there proved that their feats of daring horsemanship were good schooling for flight.



The height of this dangerous "talus" jump over a brick wall can be realized from the figure of the man at one side. The photograph shows Capt. C. Tappi making the stiff leap in competition at Modena



When they teach riding in Italy they teach acrobatics as well. One of the descents at the Tor di Quinto cavalry school is here seen in progress of negotiation. That this sort of thing is all in the day's work—and, incidentally, that the steepness is not merely photographic—is proved by the second horseman in the background, who is about to plunge also

The difficulties of this double "talus" jump can be appreciated when one realizes that the horse must first leap upon the lower bank and then take the second obstacle in his stride, as it were. The rider, in this picture is Major Baracca, Italy's ace of aces, who was killed recently while firing on enemy infantry from his airplane at a height of only 300 feet

A New Use for Woodrow Wilson

We Nominate Him for President of the United States of Europe

By ARISTIPPUS the YOUNGER

THE times at last give us leisure for thought. Marshal Foch has done that for us; and we may get out our telescopes and observe the heavens by the aid of celestial globes, nautical tables, and mother wit.

Some constellations have set, in the course of the war; a few very notable new ones have loomed above the horizon,—the Jugo-Slavs, the Magyars, and the Poles, for instance, and ever so many minor planets and satellites. These nations occupy lands that are often contiguous, like the states in America; and one cannot imagine them remaining utterly isolated from one another with diverse tariffs and coinages, and attending to their common interests by means of ambassadors and consuls.

THE agglomerations of races who live in and about Austria and who are now clamoring for popular government are certainly going to require, within four or five years, some federation, some guidance, some unity. Whatever form of league they may adopt, the first question to be asked will be, "Who shall be the first President?"

Setting aside local animosities,—a thing easier said than done,—who is there anywhere in the world who typifies the idea out of which all those new nations were born?

Surely the President of the United States is the man.

IT can hardly have escaped the attention of any thoughtful person that a great many good purposes would be served if Mr. Wilson should hereafter be chosen as the first President of the New Federation. Such an outcome would symbolize the invasion of the old world by the new. It would please every one in America,—especially the Republican party. We should all be proud of our leader, and should proudly lend him to Europe as a sample of self-determination, and as one of the greatest living authorities on western Democracy. Moreover, to the peoples of these infant states Mr. Wilson is the best known and the most trusted man in the world. If he should die to-morrow, he would be remembered in Central Europe as the George Washington of the world war.

This is no accident. In reviewing his course during the war, you will find that he has constantly said and done things which aroused the antagonism of his own countrymen, and quite often has hurt the feelings of Germany. He has sometimes given concern to thoughtful persons among our Allies, but he has never said a word which was not the wine of life to the peoples of Central Europe who were struggling for the privilege of governing themselves. Although these peoples will, no doubt, be jealous of one another, and suspicious of any one in Europe who should aspire to be their leader, they harbor neither jealousy nor suspicion toward America. America is the great machine that has lifted them out of the pit, and Mr. Wilson is the god of that machine.

If anyone should suggest that it would be a step down for Mr. Wilson to pass from the Presidency of the United States of America to that of the United States of Europe, the smallest reflection will convince him that this is an

illusion; for the greatness of the occasion cannot be exaggerated. Mr. Wilson's taking the post would do what nothing else could do,—keep the world's mind focussed on what have been the issues of this war. We have had the Vision: will it fade?

LET us see what part the Allies will play in the affair. As a practical matter, the Allies cannot safely withdraw their forces from Germany and Central Europe until some forms of government have been established there and have been in operation for a considerable period



MARSHAL FOCH

This latest portrait bust of the great French general, Commander-in-chief of the victorious Allied forces, was modeled by Auguste Mailard at the Great Headquarters of the French army near Amiens. It is now the property of the State, and will soon be placed in some conspicuous position of honor in Paris.

of time. The Allies will police Europe during the experimental stages of the coming era; and it would seem to be inevitable that the Allies should have a good deal to say about any new Federation. It is safe to predict that no man will become the first President of any new federation who is a *persona non grata* to the Allies.

But let us remember this,—that, with the subsidence of actual war, there are going to be two parties in every country of the Allies (including America), viz: the party of those who favor a brilliant foreign policy, and the party of those who dread a brilliant foreign policy, for their respective nations. Mr. Wilson is the idol of the latter class of people all over Europe,

and if we do not send him over there to take charge of their laboring classes, the socialists, and humanitarians, those classes will be rushing, under his wings, here to America, and begging us to take charge of Turkey and Poland and to spend our energies in intervening in Europe (in the name of non-intervention) and in bossing the self-determination of Croats and Ukrainians by the aid of a long distance telephone.

WHY, the thing has begun already. Viscount Bryce wants us to help the Allies to govern Constantinople,—we whom everybody likes and everybody trusts, would, he thinks, make such nice stake-holders and moderators between the wrangling nations. I sympathize with the Viscount. America's moral influence ought to be felt in Kiel and in Constantinople. I want her kind feelings to qualify the squabbles of the Allies. But I don't want official Washington to do any more muddling in Europe than is absolutely necessary. I don't want to have to vote and write letters to the New York papers on the question of, "How shall we fix the Sultan?" And I don't want the job of preventing the Republican party from fixing him in a way which I do not approve. Yet these things are on the cards—if Viscount Bryce is listened to.

By lending Wilson as a first President to the new group of nations, we should exert all our moral power, transferring it to foreign problems on foreign soil, and this without too much affecting our domestic destinies. With Mr. Wilson established as the figure-head in south-eastern Europe, his prestige in America would be so great that a brilliant foreign policy here would be adjourned for a generation. He is already a major-prophet: but in that case he would be almost a god. It would act as an apotheosis.

There would be one danger in the matter:—It might turn out, I say it *might* turn out, that the genius went out of Mr. Wilson as soon as he no longer had the American people behind him. He has hitherto had the benefit of priceless, unsolicited advice; and he may unconsciously have formed a subliminal habit of waiting for the boost. He has the art of eliciting *plébiscites* from his own countrymen by threatening to do what they don't want him to do, e. g., keep out of war, chat too confidentially with Germany, muzzle the press, etc. He seems to be always digging his own grave. And then, just as he has completed it, and the American people are gathering in the background with shovels in their hands to heave him in, hey presto!—Mr. W. has skipped over the top in a jiffy, and it appears that he's the best fellow in the world, and has in spite of appearances, agreed with everybody in every particular all the while.

HOW would he act if he suddenly found himself president of Jugoslavia? And how would the Croatian peasants act? Could they criticise their god? A blooded trotting horse is accustomed to an expert driver, who reins him in, whips him and talks to him incessantly. These problems are insoluble; but I will tell you in confidence that I believe Mr. Wilson would somehow win out.

Have You a Little War Worker in Your Home?

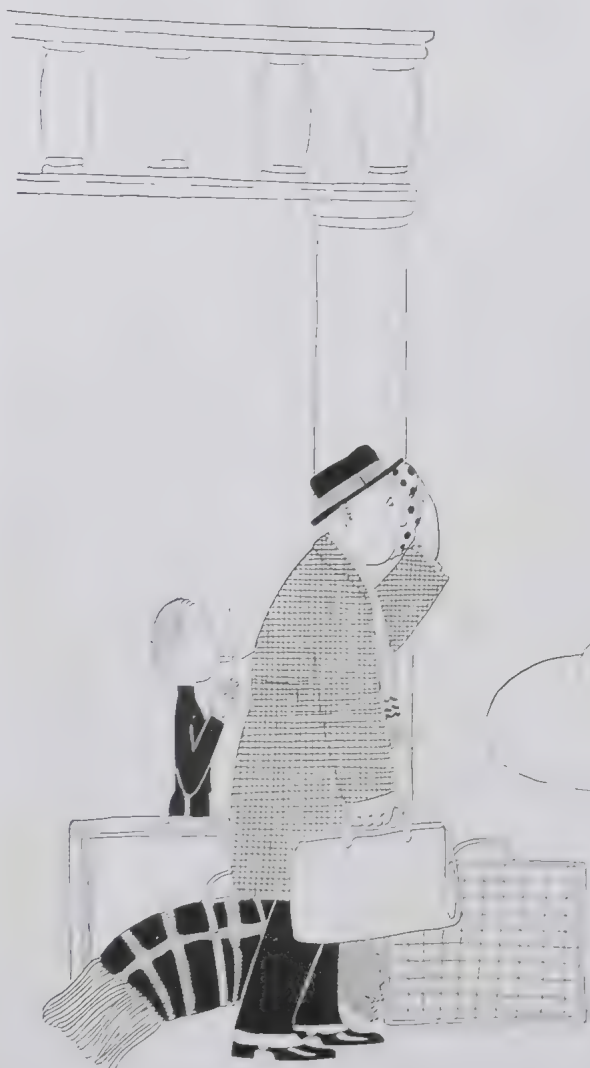


*Some of the Joys of Dwelling
With a Patriotic Wife*

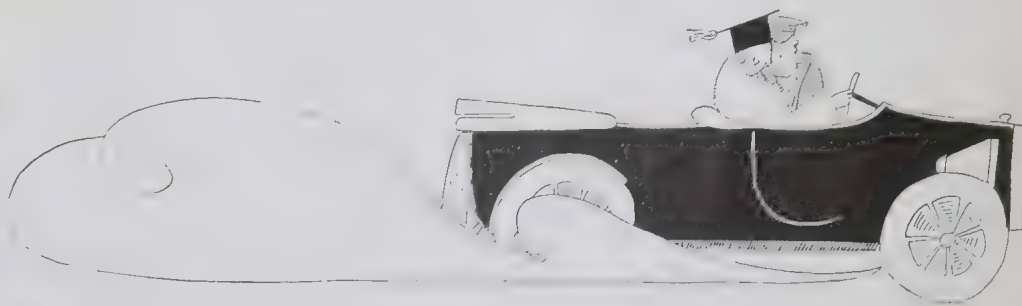
Sketches by

FISH

Mrs. Gatesby-Smythe, the heroine of this human document, is here shown at one of the most absorbing of her post-war activities—the canteen of the Women's National League for Superfluous Service. Five evenings of every week this ardent patriot spends in serving lemonade to all the men still in uniform, who spend their wild evenings in staggering from one canteen to another. The pathetic figure on the right is no one to speak of—merely the husband of our heroine. He brought around the faithful family Ford to call for her at three o'clock in the afternoon, and he has been patiently waiting for her on the doorstep ever since—it is now, as he can judge by the temperature, somewhere around the zero hour—and the end is not yet in sight. Mrs. Gatesby-Smythe is far too noble ever to abandon her post; she will stay till the very last canteen-lizard has reeled out into the night.

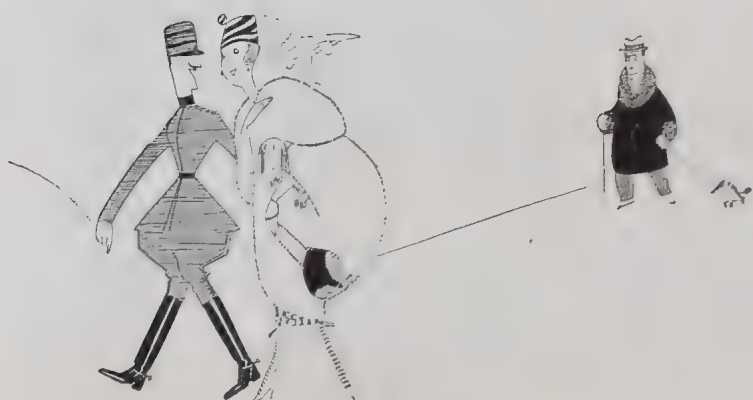


Another of Mrs. Gatesby-Smythe's many and varied activities—entertaining the returned soldiers. Knowing that, during their long absence at the war, the men have had so little opportunity to see anything of women, she feels that they will greatly appreciate her own East Indian dance, "The Maiden's Prayer". As may be seen by their absorbed expressions, Pershing's Veterans are deeply interested in interpretive dancing. The only member of the little gathering who appears to be a bit uneasy is Mrs. Gatesby-Smythe's husband—the damp gentleman at the extreme left. He thinks, of course, that entertaining the soldiers is a perfectly splendid idea—but, while he admits that his wife's interpretation is admirably free and unconstrained, it seems a trifle informal. He has always believed that the place for that sort of thing is in the home.



Of course, any truly patriotic woman knows that her first duty is to the soldiers. Mrs. Gatesby-Smythe was about to take her husband to the train, in the motor, when a handsome officer of the Motor Transport Division appeared. Our heroine, as we have so frequently pointed out, is never one to shirk her duty; she insisted upon taking the officer for a little ride around the park, as he has so few opportunities for motoring. The harassed person, surrounded by luggage, is, as usual, the husband in the case. He wears the dazed look of one in a trance; he is, in fact, beholding a startlingly clear vision of what is to befall him in the immediate future—a vision of his train, gliding gracefully out of the Grand Central Station, heartlessly leaving him behind. The page is making the best of it and optimistically whistling for a taxi.

Our heroine is, of course, one of the charter members of the Social Register Battalion of Death, which has figured so prominently in the society columns. She is shown donning her uniform, just before attending the bi-weekly drill, photographs of which will appear in all the next day's papers. The uniform is so becoming, as all her friends assure her, that there was no reason to demobilize the company just because the war happened to be over. The husband of the brave woman is pictured holding Pelléas and Mélisande, their mutual twins. He is particularly good at this indoor sport, having had much experience since his wife went into war work



This scene shows Mrs. Gatesby-Smythe participating in another of her patriotic activities.—she is helping to bring a little sunshine into the life of a visiting Italian aviator. It is so lonely for a poor foreign soldier to go about by himself, our heroine is nobly lessening his burden by accompanying him on his afternoon stroll. Far in the dim distance may be seen two figures: they are, reading from left to right in the accepted manner, the patriot's husband, and one of her troupe of trained Pekingese



Our heroine is deeply interested in knitting mufflers for the starving Russians. In fact, all her otherwise leisure moments are spent in this worthy labor, and she has no time to throw away on such idle diversions as mending her husband's socks. Mr. Gatesby-Smythe is utterly unable to find any socks which do not look as if they had been under a heavy barrage. He is showing her two pitiful objects, in the vain hope that they will move her to abandon her knitting and do a little civilian relief work. However, as we have so often assured our readers, our heroine will let nothing turn her from her patriotic purpose



Lillian Russell

After Doing Yeoman Service as Recruiting Sergeant for the Marines, Miss Russell Has Returned to the Stage

The Jealous Ventriloquist

A Tragedy of Matrimony, Morale, and Murder

By CAMI

Published by permission of Cami, and Flammarion, Paris

I: A Ventriloquist's home

A room in the apartment of the Ventriloquist

THE VENTRILOQUIST

The woman whom I have just married, whom you see here, is deaf and dumb.

THE SAFE FRIEND
Deaf and dumb?

THE VENTRILOQUIST

Yes. I chose her deaf and dumb because I am so terribly jealous. Her infirmity prevents her from hearing remarks of a flirtatious nature, and from answering them.

THE SAFE FRIEND
What a good idea!

THE VENTRILOQUIST

In order to be absolutely safe, I do not let any man enter my home. You are an exception. Thanks to your proverbial ugliness, you are a Perfectly Safe Friend.

THE PERFECTLY SAFE FRIEND (*touched*)

The wife of a friend is sacred to me. But don't you get rather bored living with a woman who never speaks?

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

She speaks when I wish.

THE PERFECTLY SAFE FRIEND

She speaks?

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

Yes. You are not ignorant of the fact that I am a ventriloquist, and that it is my business to make puppets talk?

THE PERFECTLY SAFE FRIEND

I am not ignorant of it.

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

I use the same method in conversing with my wife. I talk to her in my natural voice, and—

THE PERFECTLY SAFE FRIEND (*understanding*)

And in your ventriloquist voice, you make your wife answer. It is indeed an admirable plan.

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

Yes, we understand each other very well. You shall judge for yourself. (*To his wife*) Do you love me, dear soul?

THE DEAF AND DUMB WIFE (*in the voice of the Ventriloquist*)

You are my superb and generous lion.

THE PERFECTLY SAFE FRIEND

The illusion is perfect! One would think



"Faithless woman—you are going to die!"

that your wife is speaking. You have discovered the secret of matrimonial happiness.

THE PRUDISH JANITOR (*knocking and entering*)

Ventriloquist, here is your notice of eviction.

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

My notice of eviction? Why?

THE PRUDISH JANITOR

Because when you come home in the evening, your wife's cries of joy disturb the other tenants. Your servant, sir. (*He goes out.*)

THE PERFECTLY SAFE FRIEND

What does this mean?

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

It is my fault. Through ridiculous conceit, every night when I come home I make my wife greet me with cries of delight in my ventriloquist voice. My husband's pride is thereby flattered.

THE PERFECTLY SAFE FRIEND

I—I shall now have to take leave of you.

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

Let me accompany you. (*To his wife*) I am going out, my dear.

THE DEAF AND DUMB WIFE (*in the voice of the Ventriloquist*)

Come back quickly, my idol. I am thirsty for your kisses, my husband, my love, my lover.

THE PERFECTLY SAFE FRIEND

Happiness dwells under this roof.

(*He goes out with the Jealous Ventriloquist.*)

II: Caught in the Act

The staircase in the Ventriloquist's house

THE VENTRILOQUIST

I have just accompanied my Perfectly Safe Friend to his home. I am climbing the staircase in order to return to my apartment. Heavens! What do I hear! The sound of kisses in my home! Let us look through the keyhole. Oh, Heavens! What do I see! Anthony, the deaf and dumb friend of my wife, embracing her and with a quite unnecessary ardor! I should have been on my guard. I should have remembered the deaf and dumb sign language. It is impossible for me to watch this horrible pantomime another moment. I shall break open the door and punish the culprits. (*He breaks open the door and penetrates into the apartment.*) Faithless

woman! You are going to die! (*He pulls a revolver out of his pocket.*) Ah! I forgot! A woman, even when caught in a guilty amour, always proclaims her innocence. With my ventriloquist voice I shall be able to confer upon her this supreme joy.

THE DUMB WIFE (*in the Ventriloquist's voice*)

I swear to you that I am innocent.

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

Die, impudent liar! (*He kills her.*) And now for Anthony, your deaf and dumb friend! (*He aims at him.*) No, I will not kill him. I am going to revenge myself more terribly. I shall lock him up, and go for the police!

III: The Ventriloquist's Vengeance

The home of the Ventriloquist

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST

Captain, my wife has just been murdered. And here is the murderer!

THE POLICE CAPTAIN (*to Anthony*)

What have you to say for yourself?

THE JEALOUS VENTRILOQUIST (*to himself*)

Here is my revenge! Anthony is deaf and dumb and cannot answer. But, with my ventriloquist voice, I am going to answer for him!

THE POLICE CAPTAIN

(*To Anthony, the deaf and dumb friend*) Come, answer. Is it you who killed this unfortunate woman?

ANTHONY (*in the voice of the Ventriloquist*)

Yes, it is I. I am guilty. She was resisting me, and I murdered her.

(*Anthony, the deaf and dumb friend, is immediately arrested by the Police Captain.*)



Baron de Meyer

GERALDINE FARRAR IN "SUOR ANGELICA"

This photograph shows Geraldine Farrar in her latest rôle as Suor Angelica in the new one-act opera of that name by Puccini. It is the second of the three Puccini one-act operas, the others being "Il Tabarro" and "Gianni Schicchi". These three operas, which had their world

première at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 14th, all differ widely in interest; the first, which made a great success at the Grand Guignol in Paris, is very dramatic and sinister; the second, very touching, and the third is most amusing—an unusual quality in grand opera

CHICAGO SENDS ITS MUSIC TO NEW YORK

IN the latter part of January Cleofonte Campanini will bring his Chicago Opera Company to New York for its second visit; the announced date is the twenty-seventh, and the place the Lexington Theatre. At the time this article goes to press it is impossible to predict with assurance any of the details of the performance. Of all enterprises, opera is the most uncertain and the most liable to sudden change, but at least we know that many of the artists whom New York heard with pleasure last year will return, and that new names, some of them already on many lips, have been added to the imposing roster of the Chicago forces. Galli-Curci, whose New York debut was a matter of conjecture last year until the very last moment, has been definitely promised this season; Mary Garden has returned from her beloved France and, among other new rôles, will be seen in the world première of Fevrier's "Gismonda"; Rosa Raisa, the Russian dramatic soprano, who spent the summer singing in Buenos Aires, will be with the company again. Interesting additions to the feminine contingent are the names of Tamaki Miura, the little Japanese soprano, who formerly sang with the Boston Opera Company, and who will be heard in "Madame Butterfly", "Iris", "L'Oracolo", and "Chrysanthemum"; and Yvonne Gall, the lyric soprano from the Paris Opera, recently from Buenos Aires, who has already pleased Chicago in such rôles as "Thaïs."

AMONG THE SINGERS

Among the men, such established favourites as Muratore, Baklanoff, and Stracciari will return. Muratore will be heard in several new rôles, while three new tenors will make their New York debuts. They are Alessandro Dolci, who, for his first appearance in Chicago, sang "Manrico" with great success; John O'Sullivan, a dramatic tenor from Paris who has already won the approval of Chicago in such rôles as "William Tell" and "Otello"; and Guido Ciccolini, who, at the Chicago opening, sang "Alfredo" in "La Traviata" to the "Violetta" of Galli-Curci.

The complete roster of the company includes in addition to those mentioned, Vira Amazar of the Petrograd Opera, Beryl Brown, Anna Fitzu, Dora Gibson, Mabel Preston Hall, Dorothy Jardon, Florence Macbeth, Margery Maxwell, Tamaki Miura, Miriam Mooney, Marguerite Namara, Emma Noe, Alma Peterson, Evelyn Parnell, Marie Pruzan, and Myrna Sharlow, all sopranos; Louise Bérat, Maria Claessens, Carolina Lazzari,

The Chicago Opera Company, with Its Long List of Popular Singers, Comes For a Second Season in New York



Moffet

Irene Pavloska, Marguerite Sylva, and Cyrena van Gordon, mezzo-sopranos and contraltos; Octave Dua, Charles Fontaine of the Opéra-Comique, Ludovico Oliviero, Warren Proctor, and William Rogers, in addition to the tenors already listed. Among the basses are Désire Delerue, Hector Dufranne, Alfred Maquenat, Vanni Marcoux, Giacomo Rimini, and Mario Valle. Basses, old and new, are Vittorio Arimondi, Gustave Huberdeau, Marcel Journet, who has returned after two years' absence, Virilio Lazzari, Constantin Niclay, and Vittorio Trevisan.

The premiere danseuse is Sylvia Tell, a seventeen-year-old American trained in this country, and the first native danseuse to win a place as premiere in an opera company of the first rank. Serge Oukrainsky and Andreas Pavley will be associated with her for some performances.

Among the conductors, Marcel Chardier and Giuseppe Sturani are returning, and Giorgio Polacco, well remembered at the Metropolitan Opera House, appears again in New York, in other surroundings. Another new name is that of Luis Hasselmans, born in Paris of Flemish parentage, who comes from the Opéra-Comique, where he conducted for three years. Campanini himself will also take up the baton after a year's retirement from the desk.

THE NEW YORK REPERTOIRE

The New York repertoire of the company will be chosen from the following list of novelties and revivals, and from the standard operas in the repertoire. The first include Bellini's "Norma," Casanova's "Lorelei," Donizetti's "Linda da Chamounix," Erlanger's "Aphrodite," which will have its American premiere in Chicago, Fevrier's "Gismonda," receiving its world premiere in the same city, Gunsburg's "Le Vieux Aigle," promised as a New York premiere, Giordano's "Fedora," Halévy's "La Juive," Lasser's "Les Cadeaux de Noël" and "Le Chemineau," both American premières, Mascagni's "Le Maschere," never before heard in this country, and Massenet's "Cléopâtre," which will be a New York premiere. Many former successes will also be repeated.

Lucien Muratore is again the principal tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, which will have a second season in New York during the winter. This past graph shows him in the character of Cam in Leoncavallo's opera "Pagliacci."



Moffet

Rosa Raisa, whose dramatic soprano won genuine success with the Chicago Opera Company last season, will again be heard in New York in January. She is shown in the rôle of "Isabeau" in Mascagni's opera of that name.

S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

The World Is Now Safe for the Theatre-Goer,
As an Armistice Has Been Signed for War Plays

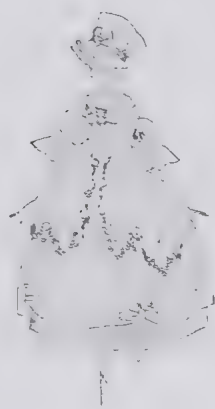
By CLAYTON HAMILTON



When Robert McQuinn designed these costumes for the roller-skating ballet, he paid an artist's tribute to the Victorian charms of our grandmothers

THE hollowness and artificiality of the host of war-plays with which we were assaulted in the early autumn was indicated by their sudden loss of popularity as soon as the armistice was signed. Most of these plays were journalistic in intention, and their only attraction was their timeliness. They were written, not because the playwrights had anything important to say about the war, but because of a commercial calculation that, since the war was uppermost in everybody's mind, it afforded the most easily interesting topic for exploitation in the theatre. The same authors, doubtless, would have written plays about polyandry, Christian Science, sabotage, or Arctic exploration, if these less exciting subjects had happened, for the moment, to be advertised persistently in glaring headlines on the first pages of the daily journals. In America, the theatre, in common with our other undertakings, prides itself on keeping up to date; but nothing slips so soon behind the times as novelty. The nemesis of journalism is the fact that the main interest of news is newness. A journalistic war-play, after war is over, soon seems as stale and flat as yesterday's newspaper, which, casually picked up in a dentist's waiting-room, is read with lazy interest until we suddenly recall that to-day is Saturday, not Friday, and is then flung from us in disgust. Whatever wears a date upon its forehead will soon be out of date.

The signing of the armistice which stipulated the cessation of hostilities (at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the last year of the war) would not have been accepted by the public as the signing of a death-warrant for any war-play that had been imagined in the larger mood of literature. This mood may be defined most quickly by stating that, in consideration of any given subject, journalism seeks



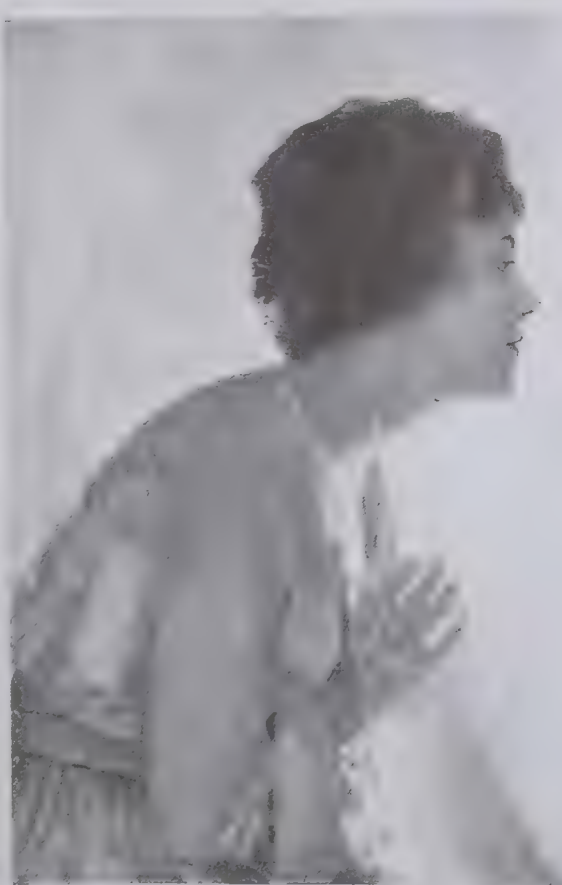
Five of McQuinn's charming original sketches for the costumes of the roller-skating ballet at the Hippodrome are shown on this page

The quaint tight bodices and full hooped skirts and queer old-fashioned millinery of other days, were never more delightful than in this group of costumes



only to exploit what there is in it that belongs to the moment, but literature seeks, rather, to discover and reveal what there is in it that belongs to eternity. The eternal aspects of the recent war—the only aspects that are really literary—have not yet been touched upon, or even hinted at, by our journalistic theatre. The long struggle has wearied itself to a close without inspiring the composition of a single enduring war-play of American authorship.

Of course it may be possible to account for this deficiency by arguing that it was not due to any lack of high intention but merely to that chronic myopia of the imagination which afflicts the commentator caught too close to the event. The only memorable plays about our Civil War, like Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah," and William Gillette's "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service," were composed after more than twenty years had slowly passed, with slipped footsteps, since the date of Lee's surrender. In the long and leisurely perspective of the art of history, distance lends not only enchantment, but understanding also, to the view. The recent war between the nations that believed that might made right and the nations that believed that right made might was so much vaster in its motives, its implications, its emotions, its results, than our own comparatively little internecine struggle, that it may be fifty or a hundred years before the real meanings of the world-war are ready to be interpreted by history and illustrated by the drama. A century from now, some playwright yet unborn, whose intention will be literary instead of journalistic, permanent instead of timely, may write a really great play about the incentives and the issues of the recent war; but the present commentator will no longer be alive to celebrate it, nor will any of the readers of this prophecy



Baron de Meyer

Ruth Chatterton is touring in a revival of "A Marriage of Convenience," while a new play is in preparation for her. Early in the season she and Henry Miller appeared in a short-lived play called "Perkins"



Edith Wynne Matthison doesn't believe in any hiding-under-a-bushel methods, for she played the rôle of "Light" in "The Blue Bird" and now has the same part in "The Betrothal."—the Blue Bird's sequel, staged by Winthrop Ames



Charlotte Fairchild

remain alive to see it on the boards.

Now that the war is over, a commentator on the current stage—who is moved, against his will, to murmur a lament for lost opportunities to art—is naturally led to wonder whether or not our native theatre will reveal a more inspired aptitude for coping with the new problems presented by the coming period of reconstruction. The drastic tearing down of anything, however ugly in itself, is tragic; but the building up of anything, whether it be genuinely beautiful, or merely indicative of a distant and possibly mistaken aspiration toward the high and far ideal of beauty, affords an opportunity for reasonable jollity and really literary celebration. So long as the war was being waged, our theatre discussed it merely in the mood of journalism; but now that the stricken world has stepped from a cataclysm of destruction to a predetermined period of reconstruction, may we not (to employ a form of phrasing which appears to fall most naturally to the ear of the most widely read of all the men of letters of the living generation) may we not aspire to the hope that some American playwright—out of many, one—will attempt to deal sincerely with some part of the immeasurable mass of social problems now made ready by the passage of events for discussion, both intelligible and intelligent, in the current theatre?

A generation ago, the only social problem which received the benefit of logical discussion in the theatre was the riddle which demanded a sane and satisfactory solution of the constantly recurrent pattern of triangulated domesticity. When two men loved the same woman, or when two women loved the same man, which of the three people ought logically to be shot? This question was answered in various ways by various playwrights. It was not, by any means, an embarrassing interrogation, since any answer would serve adequately, if supported by a reasonable argument. It will be more difficult to deliver a response to the more important social questions that are now arising for solution. What are we to do with our women? What are we to do

with our Bolsheviks? What are we to do with our bourgeoisie? Great plays might be composed in answer to any of these questions,—but only by dramatists whose inspiration should originate from within, instead of from without,—by authors whose minds must feel congested by a message crying out for utterance, rather than those other and more facile writers whose eyes are fixed forever on the turning of the clock and who sense merely a passing opportunity for timeliness.

"THE CROWDED HOUR"

"The Crowded Hour," by Edgar Selwyn and Channing Pollock, was one of the few compositions, memorable from the recent deluge of journalistic war-plays, that dallied with a real idea. The idea, in this instance, was identical with that which was exploited by Willard Mack and Grant Morris in "The Big Chance,"—another war-play, which was reviewed in the pages of this magazine a couple of issues ago. In this case, the question of priority is not important. An idea is an idea; and thinking is so rare in the American theatre that the honour for entertaining any thought may be divided, without prejudice or favour, between a close quartette of authors.

To these four writers of a couple of current plays, the interesting thesis was revealed that the recent war presented a scarcely precedented opportunity for all the chronic slackers in the world to justify their questionable privilege to breathe, by accepting bravely the new opportunities for service afforded by the call to the colours. Regarded near-sightedly, this idea is as reasonable as it is inspiring; but considered from a further distance, in a smilingly satiric mood, it soon begins to pale its ineffectual fires. The world-war was not so great a movement as we wished to think, if we may be required to regard it merely as a sort of sanitarium to cure the dwarfed or crooked spirits of the earth. Was our Great Crusade initiated only to regenerate the drunkards. (Continued on page 71)



Charlotte Fairchild

Eleanor Painter in "Glorianna" has the rôle of one of those charming "widows in ash cloth and sashes," without which a musical comedy is apt to be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals

WHITE

Alice Brady nurses the wounded hero back to health in the last act, to provide a satisfactorily happy ending for "Forever After," by Owen Davis

RA L. HILL

Mary Nash bravely goes right to the very front as a nurse in "The Big Chance," a play of the war written by Grant Morris and Willard Mack



WHITE

Phoebe Foster is the latest recruit to the ranks of the Red Cross. She has gone on duty in "By Pigeon Post," the London success which recently opened over here, at the Cohan Theatre



ARDE

Hedda Hopper—in private life, Mrs. De Wolf Hopper—plays the rôle of a trained nurse in "Be Calm, Camilla." She isn't really a Red Cross nurse—but she is a very highly trained nurse

Carolyn Thompson's Red Cross service lies in the front ranks of musical comedy. She appears in the leading rôle in "Little Simplicity," at the Globe Theatre

Red Cross Nurses at the Broadway Front

On Duty Behind the Lines of the Current Plays

Demobilization Problems in the Theatre

Plans for the Future Employment of the Characters in Our War Dramas

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

I LOOK for no opposition to that part of the Government's reconstruction program which aims at finding occupations for those whom the end of the war has left jobless. As a matter of fact, I, myself am keeping in constant touch with a friend in the U. S. Employment Service, with the understanding that if he runs across something nice and easy, within commuting distance of New York, I am to be favorably considered for the place. I am that non-partisan, it makes no difference to me which party gets me a position.

But I must admit that the scheme, as outlined by the U. S. Employment Service, has one rather inexplicable omission in its provisions. I refer to plans for the future employment of those characters who sprang into being when the war drama came into vogue on our stage, and who must now begin to look elsewhere for the employment of their talents. We, as the theatre-going public, have encouraged them not only to exist, but to fructify, until their seed is as the sands of the sea in number, if you care anything for that kind of simile.

THEY are in all our war plays, and, now that the war is over, and the producers are thumbing through manuscripts for those long-neglected "home dramas," in which "humor and pathos are blended,"—what, pray, is to become of these poor characters who are now clankety-clanking their way through the "last seven times at this theatre"? My God, folks, we can't let them starve!—at any rate, not where we can see them do it.

There is first, of course, the German spy. It ought not to be so hard to find something else for him to do, because you never could tell until the last act whether he was really a spy, or whether he was General Haig, doing a little snooping about on his own account. His characterizations during the first two acts, while in disguise, would fit him for almost any future line of work, from that of electrician's assistant to that of the Minister of Aeronautics without portfolio. The only thing he will have to drop, if he wants to find another place, will be his rather nasty habit of looking sideways through his half-closed eyes, and of standing very erect, just before he is led off by the secret service men in the last act, and saying, with a suddenly acquired Teutonic accent: "I was sent to serve my Emperor and my gountry. I did only my dooty."

He will never get anywhere if he persists in doing things like that when he gets into respectable company again.

ASIDE from this intricate spy-system, which has made conditions so that no self-respecting actress can allow herself to be embraced before the final curtain for fear that she may be giving comfort to an enemy-alien in the employ of the Wilhelmstrasse, the German government—that was has also cast its spell over several other characters,—such as those who are forced to appear in the red-



WHITE

Mr. Coburn plays "Bill," otherwise known as the "old Walrus," in "The Better 'Ole," the stage version of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's famous war cartoons

collared uniforms of the Kaiser from the very start of the play. These have not even been allowed the comfort of being disguised throughout most of the piece, but have been listed right on the program as "Lieut. Hofdinger, of the Prussian Guard," or "Strumpf, a German soldier."

There is one thing certain, however,—their knowledge of German will never stand in the way of their playing other parts. Most of them seem to have escaped with a very light case, and use only the simple word "ja," in their more nationalistic moments. A few among the officers, who had evidently gone in strong for the study of their native tongue when in school, let slip a "nein" or a "sehr gut" now and then. I have seen German soldiers in a war play who thought so little of their Emperor's language that they spoke English throughout the entire performance with a slight Irish accent, reverting to type only when it came to the use of "Yes," which invariably was given the German touch, for old-time's sake. In the future, these men can play Spanish parts with equal facility, substituting "si" for "ja" whenever character atmosphere is needed. But they will have to learn that no one but a slave of Prussian militarism clicks his heels together before leaving the room.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, enemy characters are not the only ones on whom demobilization will fall heavily. France has been our associate in this war, and we dislike to think of anything unhappy befalling her representatives in this country, but there is no

dodging the issue. Some of the French characters in our war plays are facing a crisis. If there is no more war, how can there be any more scenes "back of the lines" in France? And if there are no more scenes back of the lines in France, how can there be any more French barmaids, who keep taverns within sound of the firing, and who serve drinks for the express purpose of being kissed by English soldiers?

And, when the Allied armies are withdrawn from France, what is to become of the character-scenes in which a Tommie or a doughboy, after listening with a blank look to a rapid-fire stream of French from a native, says: "Oh, very well, Frenchy. Have it your own way!"

The French in the war drama have maintained a much better national spirit than have the Germans, with respect to keeping their native tongue in mind while reading their lines. They have never forgotten to substitute "ze" for "the," or to spring "oo-o la-la" on occasion. And, as for shrugging the shoulders,—oftentimes you would have thought that it was President Poincaré himself taking the part.

There is, of course, one recourse which the French males will have. It will be remembered by students of the drama that, before the war, there was always in musical comedy an excitable Frenchman in a pearl gray frock coat, who sang the first song in the piece,—that indefinite first song, the words of which were never heard and the music of which was never remembered. It was sung at a very rapid tempo, and was all about, "and zat is why I'm such a devil wiz ze lay-dies", with the echo coming from a platoon of shrill young women clustered about the singer, "and that is why he's such a devil with the lay-dies". It seems hard, but here is about the only place that remains open for the brave poilu of to-day's military drama.

AND as for the Tommies and others who say "Bun jower" and "Donney moy ung baisier" by way of learning French, I don't care whether they ever get another job or not. A man who would stoop to getting a laugh with "Bun jower" would pull his trusting grandmother's chair out from under her. It's too easily done to be legal. It's like getting big applause for a scene in which the German nation is referred to as "the scum of mankind," or the invasion of Belgium denounced in no uncertain terms. It doesn't take an actor to get applause with lines like that. All you have to be able to do is to speak above a whisper, and you can bring down the house.

But it is not only the foreign language delegation that will have to wait in the ante-room of the Employment Service offices. There is, for instance, the pompous English colonel. Whatever will he do, now that the army has begun demobilization? He was so red-faced, and dignified, and growly, that it is hard to think of him adapting himself to any other than army life. He might, of course, be the English solicitor that (Continued on page 78).



Harris and Ewing

MISS SARA PRICE COLLIER

An event of interest is the recently announced engagement of Miss Sara Price Collier to Lieutenant Charles Fellows Gordon, R.M. She is the daughter of Mrs. Price Collier of New York and Tuxedo Park and of the late Price Collier, author of "Germany and the Germans." Most of her girlhood was spent traveling in Europe. Miss Collier is the niece of Mrs. Warren Delano and of Mrs. James Roosevelt, a stepsister of Mr. Warren Delano Robbing, attaché of the American Embassy at Buenos Ayres, and a sister of Mrs. George Baker St. George. She has spent the last two winters in Washington, working for the French High Commission. Lieutenant Gordon is Flag-Lieutenant of His Majesty's Ship "Warrior," formerly the yacht of Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt.

A R T

By RUTH de ROCHEMONT

escaping the conclusion that the present Academy is badly hung. The walls are overcrowded, for no apparent reason, since a drastic elimination of at least ten per cent. of the canvases would have been all to the good of the exhibition.

Had there been, further, a consistent attempt to "compose" each wall and group the works by effective harmony or contrast, it would have been possible to see in the beginning what one learns now only after patient search, that there are present a really considerable number of works, old and new, which may be seen with both pleasure and profit.

Easily dominating the "honour wall" of the Vanderbilt Gallery by its high key and bold design, is the worthy winner of the first Altman prize of one thousand dollars, Victor Higgins' "Fiesta Day,"



A "tour de force" in paint was Ben Ali Haggin's "My Baby's Portrait of His Mother," painted with much vivacity



Honour fell to whom honour was due when the Academy awarded the Proctor prize to Louis Beets' portrait of his wife

THE Winter Academy opened its doors on December 11 on a somewhat motley collection of paintings, starred by a few new works of exceptional merit. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the exhibition, on a first view, was the presence of a very large proportion of old canvases, some of them over ten years old. Many of these, it is true, were excellent works, well worth seeing even for the nth time, but their presence in an exhibition usually devoted to art of the current year seems indicative of a somewhat disconcerting inactivity in American art.

To find fault with the hanging committee is always an easy matter for those who have not shared its struggles with some three hundred canvases imbued with irreconcilable differences in key and value. Yet, even with due allowance made, there is no



a painting of mounted Indians before a New Mexican village, refreshing in its freedom and clear brilliance of colour. The dominating central position which would seem logically to belong to this striking canvas has not been accorded it. Instead, it hangs far to the left, where its glory overshadows a host of lesser works, while the centre of the wall is held all ineffectively by one (and far from the happiest) of Childe Hassam's many paintings of the light falling through the glass of his studio windows and touching to iridescence much still-life glass and polished furniture and one still-life woman.

Tucked in a corner at the extreme right of the same wall, is one of those achievements rare in present day art, a really excellent portrait, Louis Beets' painting of his wife, fittingly honoured

(Continued on page 74)

(Right) The Carnegie prize, which of late has gone to landscape painters, fell to John F. Carlson's "Winter Rigor"

(Below) In "The Massacre at Dinwiddie," George Bellows carried the real horror of war within the Academy walls



Peter A. Juley



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Emilie Lea's acrobatic dancing is one of the most important factors in the success of "Glorianna", the musical comedy which has settled down for a long run at the Liberty Theatre



ABBE

Helen Weer dances in "Going Up", which is now repeating, on tour, the success it made in New York all last season



IRA L. HILL

Tulle Lindahl, formerly the dancing partner of Michio Itow, is at present dancing in "The Spice of Life", the musical revue which forms the super-cabaret entertainment at the Palais Royal



ARTHUR JENTHE

Thamara Swinskaya contributes a picturesque gypsy dance to lend color to the sombre stretches of Tolstoi's "Redemption". Stanislaus Potapovich, her teacher and former partner, is now the head of his own school of dancing in New York

On—and on—With the Dance!

Successful Exponents of Various Types of Dancing

A Tourist May Look at a King

Just Out!—A Guide to Switzerland—1919 Edition!

By SCHUYLER LENOX

IT is my business to be alert. Long ago I decided that that was one of the essential pre-requisites of success. I think I learned it from an ad—"How to be a Success, in half-calf, for one dollar" and it went on to mention, among other things, Alertness. That part of the blurb stuck. That I have achieved what of success has been my modest share, (I thank you), is due almost entirely to the fact that I have consistently practiced this one precious quality. What might have been my meteoric career had I remembered any of the other desiderata mentioned, I blush to contemplate. However, so far as alertitude goes I'm there on all fours—so to speak, and I can prove it.

Immediately following the signing of the two armisties—the false and the true—by the way, as Omar says—"A hair, perchance, divides the false and true,"—and in this case it was simply a hair of the dog that bit me (bit me in the armistice, as you might say) I realized that all maps had gone by the board and that all the guide-books were back numbers.

HOW'S that for a neat little bit of alertness! The maps! Yes, I grant you any one could see that. People had been cracking their brains for weeks over newspaper layouts of Central Europa, née Mittel, trying to find out whether an Estonian was a Slav or a Slob and where the independent kingdom of Gonzabo came in—but the guide-books! well, I fancy I beat a good many people to it on that score.

In the first place, I immediately got in touch with Karl Baedeker, or with what is left of him. It did not take long to discover that he was more or less of a myth, like Lydia Pinkham, and that a very keen party named Oscar Plop of South Bend, Ill., had bought his interests from alien-property-custodian-Palmer for a mere German song. Plop was more than glad to do business with me on my own terms.

Really, when I think of the number of people who will be going abroad in the next few months, the zealous reconstructionists, the eager-eyed, young red-crossers, the red-eyed, eager, young salesmen with patent portable houses, the engineers, the bankers, and so on, to say nothing of the thousands who are just crazy to get to the front and see what it all looks like—the same folk who always insist on viewing the remains at a funeral—when I think of them and of the tremendous sale my revised guide-books are bound to have, honestly I hate to take the money—almost.

I BEGAN with Switzerland for obvious reasons, particularly because, so far as I can ascertain, it is the only country in the tourist-world that isn't going to have something done to its boundaries. France, blessed France, Mother of Liberty, is expecting an addition to her family. Italy too, is in a very interested condition; Turkey is about to go on the operating table and have her Dardanelles removed—in fact, all the European countries are in a state of flux and change and creation except Switzerland, the land of the cuckoo-clock and the house of the hob-nail.

Moreover—though why I say it I know not—Switzerland has always been the mecca of tourists. I suppose the Meccans say "Mecca

has always been the Switzerland of the faithful", or words to that effect. Both are true. Therefore, said I to myself and Plop—"Switzerland it is"—and it was.

Dearie me, how the old order changeth! One glance at the ancient ante-bellum hand-books and I saw what a tremendous task lay before me. You, Reader, doubtless knew your

Switzerland in the old days, when, Alpine-stock in-hand and yodel in-face, we fell past each other on different floors of the Mer de Glace—you remember, do you not, that there were hotels there, magnificent hostleries at Lucerne, Geneva and Interlaken which people travelled thousands of miles to see? and the Kursaals, and Kermesses and Kindergartens and shops and bands and mineral springs!

SURELY, you remember them, and, O yes, . . . the mountains! I had almost forgotten the mountains. Do you remember them,—great hulking things, crowding about one, crushing one with their tremendous bulk and hideous teutonic names—the Pifflealp and the Gotterdammerhorn and all the rest of them. Ugh! How glad I am all that has been done away with.

Yes, Reader, the mountains, as such, are a thing of the past. They have no longer any publicity value, as we say at the Lamb's Club. Their place has been completely usurped by extinct monarchs.

It was this, in particular, that made it so necessary for me to re-write practically the entire volume devoted to the land of the peek-a-booo cheese. Of course, I found a few passages of the old version which can stand. For instance, in the preface, the following quotation reads as if almost inspired by a fore-knowledge of events to come:

"With improved facilities for travel, the number of visitors to Switzerland has greatly increased in late years, and mountaineering ambition has been proportionately stimulated. Summits once deemed well-nigh inaccessible are now scaled annually by travellers from all parts of the world."

I QUOTE textually. By the simple substitution of "monarchs" for "travellers" the paragraph is brought up to date in a most vivid manner. For how true it is! I have been told by my correspondent in Davosplatz—Plop's brother, Hugo, who tends bar in the Hotel Scheedinkle and whom you probably remember.

Hugo says that when Count Von Klutz, the Land-crab of Hesse, late of Prussia, arrived from the Western front, he shot out of his automobile with such speed that he completely eluded the twenty-three local hotel-keepers who were at the station to meet him, and, before their astounded eyes, accomplished, in twenty-two minutes, what the Swiss guides for generations had struggled in vain to achieve—namely the ascent of the Sauerhorn, a precipitous monolith or "pic" some two thousand feet high. Moreover, Hugo writes, the distinguished visitor refuses to come down. He seems perfectly satisfied where he is, pulls his meals up in a basket, and there he sits, all-teed-up like a golf-ball, waiting for the next drive.

So it goes, all over the shop. Practically every mountain of any consequence has its monarch; every emperor has his own private alp,—a peak for every one and every one on his peak, is the new Swiss idea. They are a practical lot, you know, these mountaineers, and have worked out the (Continued on page 78).

An Aside TO THE SUN



By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

O SUN, I do not know you well;
I'm sorry, but admit it, squarely.
The sombre grotto where I dwell
Is honored by your presence rarely.
Your morning smile and late salaam
I oft return, by archly craning
My neck beyond the window-jamb,
Except, of course, when it is raining.

But, *Soli Mio*, do not dream
Your ray is all I have to cheer me.
Not so, for, twice a day, a beam
Shines brightly from a window near me.
Each morn and night, whenas I don,
Or doff, my garb of daily labor,
I keep my weather-eye upon
A planet fair—my lovely neighbor.

Like you, in her remote estate,
She gleams across the courtyard-chasm,
Wherefrom the rays which radiate
Bear, each, a wringing, cardiac spasm.
How like you shines her beauty bright;
While I, unseen, devout, admiring:
Like Zoroaster's acolyte,
Adore her rising—and retiring.





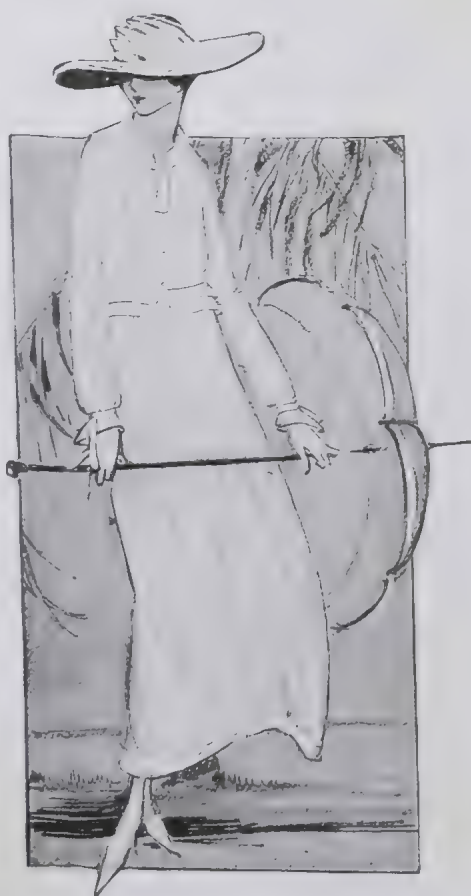
A sports suit like this is an indispensable part of the wardrobe for a stay in the south. It is of heavy ribbed white tricolette, with broad bands of gray angora wool by way of trimming. The coat slips on over the head and is girdled with a narrow belt which, like the gray wool band at the bottom of the coat, is adorned with large buttons of white composition; suit from Hollander

Fashions for the Palm Beach Season

Outdoor Costumes for the Sunny South



It's a fortunate woman who owns a frock of habutai silk, for it refuses to wrinkle, and it launders extremely well—and besides all that, just think how smart it is. This frock is of ivory habutai silk, with narrow ruches of its own material, and it fastens in front with a row of self-covered buttons



It's ridiculously easy to be charming, if one has a frock of apricot colored handkerchief linen with pin tucks running vertically down its length, and more pin tucks running horizontally around its hem, its cuffs, and its collar, which finishes in a little tab; two frocks from the Sports Shop for Women

Although it is sleeveless, this smart wrap is very warm and exceedingly practical. It is of white heavy knitted wool material, with a generously large collar of the same material in navy blue, and navy blue bands on its big pockets. The buttons are covered with the knitted fabric; from Hollander



Perhaps you thought that there couldn't possibly be any new variety of sweaters. Here, however, is a brand-new species,—it consists of two separate pieces, joined only on the shoulders and held together by the belt. The sweater is of navy blue wool jersey, trimmed with bands of beige Hercules braid, which is also used to outline the V-shaped neck; from the Sports Shop for Women



The Latest Events in the Realm of Evening Costumes

Evening Gowns Remain Faithful to the Slender Silhouette



The gracefully draped skirt of this black velvet evening gown ends in a long, pointed train. Black chiffon is draped over the velvet of the bodice and falls in two long panels, edged with jet, and jet also forms the girdle at the rather long waist-line. The under-bodice is of ivory chiffon, tucked and puffed; in back, the under-bodice may be just as it is in front, or else one may have it veiled with black chiffon; which will give a high neck-line.



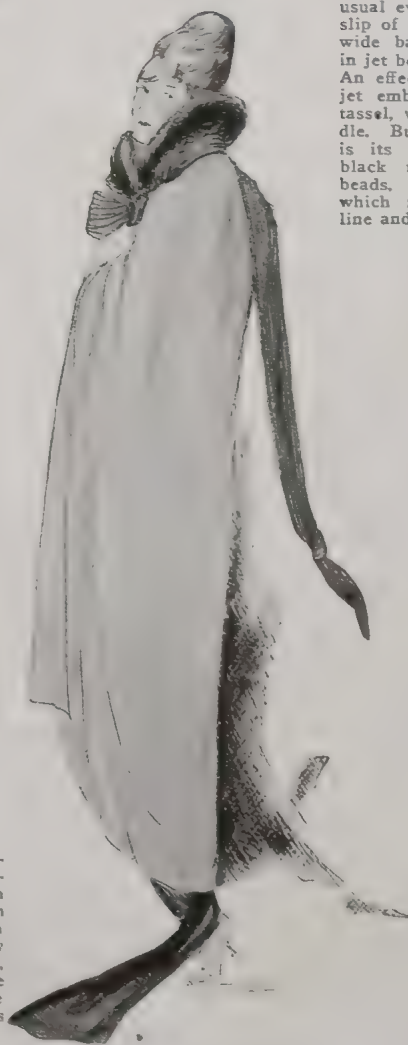
Soft rose chiffon is draped with artful simplicity to form this charming gown. Its changeable silver and rose under-bodice shows through the chiffon, and its girdle is of soft charmeuse, ending in a single loop and a long sash. The chiffon bodice is high at the back. The gown may be had in many other colors, also.



The foundation of this most unusual evening gown is a straight slip of black satin, trimmed with wide bands of embroidery done in jet beads both large and small. An effective note is the band of jet embroidery, ending in a jet tassel, which hangs from the girdle. But the feature of the gown is its voluminous cape of fine black net, embroidered in jet beads, and having a jet band which finishes the round neck-line and ties at the front.



So cleverly is the skirt of this black satin gown draped that the slender silhouette is never for a moment changed. The gown ends in a long, square train, and begins with narrow shoulder straps of satin. The bodice is made in a straight bolero effect, which falls over the soft girdle.



Even evening wraps conform to the straight silhouette. This one is of cerulean blue faille, collared high with taupe fox. Beneath the fur is a band and bow of mulberry corded faille, and a long mulberry faille scarf-end is thrown over the shoulder. The wrap is lined with chiffon.

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THE SOUTHERN RESORTS

(Continued from page 24)

hind two men on the box, or of that little red-curtained inn called Wilcox's, which proudly dubs itself the most exclusive in all America? Aiken is a sad place for a social climber, for unless he has some affiliations, woe unto his yearnings for a "place in the sun." When the Whitneys and Vanderbilts and Hitchcocks and Dolans and Iselins and other prominent people have been transplanted from Newport and Long Island and Tuxedo and Chestnut Hill, then Aiken will come into its own and become what is probably the most exclusive resort on the continent. The William K. Vanderbilts, the Joseph Earle Stevens, and many other families will come back from France, and the readjustment to the old pleasant life will have taken place before one knows it. The same is true, in a smaller sense, of Thomaston, Georgia, which is a miniature Aiken, and of Jekyll Island, which is as remote from tourists as a mediæval castle surrounded by a bottomless moat.

THE SEASON AT AUGUSTA

Augusta will regret the passing of Camp Hancock—if, indeed, it does pass. The brilliancy of last season, when the families of many officers filled the hotels and there was such gaiety as was never known before, promises to be repeated this year. Augusta has some particularly good assets in its picturesque shaded golf course, its delightful little club house, and its famous tea house with a vista of distant purple hills and a foreground of Italian gardens and flowering shrubs. The sordidness of the city is far removed and the atmosphere of the neighbourly hotels is delightful and friendly. Some one has said that it is as impossible not to make friends in Augusta, as it is to make them in self-sufficient Aiken. So here it is that the first birds of passage stop to watch the coming of spring, after a fling at Savannah and a look-in at Jacksonville,—which received little attention until Camp Johnston appeared upon the scene.

St. Augustine has awakened from her lethargy—a lethargy that might be excused in the second oldest city on the American continent—and has taken a new lease on life. Without a doubt, it is the splendid new golf course and attractive country club with its amazingly good restaurant that is responsible. The club is sufficiently far from town to make motoring in altogether delightful, and one gets a salty tang in the air that is absent in the coast resorts further south. One may sail over to North Beach to bathe and eat fried crabs, or one may elect to try Anastasia Beach where two or three motion picture companies are always doing films of "The Sahara" or "The Great American Desert." There is another golf course hugging the old Fort and bounded by the City Gates, for those who would not go as far afield as the Country Club, and there are the wonderfully lovely hotels with their Moorish architecture that make one rub one's eyes and imagine oneself in the Alhambra or in Seville.

AT ORMOND

Ormond with its White Mountain atmosphere transplanted to Florida is like a prim New England schoolmarm. The city surprises one, after a dinner ending with real New England pie, by the sudden and exotic change in appearance as the red-rimmed sun dips into the Halifax and golden stars pierce the sapphire sky. And as for the golf course with its difficult hazards and its palm-fringed green, just over the ridge

from the famous silver Ormond Beach, it is one of the finest in all the South. The homelike atmosphere of Ormond with its delightful colony is a whit less gay than that of St. Augustine. The Clarendon is situated down at the other end of the Beach at Seabreeze, where all sorts of delightful little bungalows and cottages and more pretentious winter homes are springing up. A trolley in the midst of all this loveliness strikes one as incongruous at first, especially amid the buzzing of many airplanes overhead, but it takes one quickly across the Halifax to Daytona where many yachts and houseboats lie at the Yacht Club, stocked for the long cruise down the Indian River and the Florida Keys. Daytona has almost as many hotels as Atlantic City and is frankly plebeian, but very gay and bright. Ormond represents golf, Seabreeze has the "polo and aeronautic atmosphere,"—and Daytona resembles a baseball game.

The West Coast, developed by the father of the late Morton Plant and other Northern capitalists, is coming to be more and more popular, and the colony at Belleair is growing constantly and attracting prominent people away from the East Coast to a spot where, as at Pinehurst, golf is paramount. Incidental to this spot is the yachting and fishing, which many people find equally interesting. Belleair runs very close to being the smartest colony in Florida. Prince Michael Cantacuzene of Russia, together with his children and his lovely American wife, the former Miss Julia Dent Grant, are living at the palatial winter home of the late Mrs. Potter Palmer. While the Prince and Princess expect to spend a quiet winter, both Belleair and Palm Beach are hoping for glimpses of them. The Princess is the author of some admirable articles upon the history of the downfall of Russia. St. Petersburg, Tampa, Florence Villa, and all the other West Coast resorts, will call to the Northerner more insistently than ever this winter. Some, indeed, may stray over to Cuba for a peep at the races in Havana where a season of Latin gaiety is also anticipated, after its enforced and long spell of idleness.

THE PLEASURES OF MIAMI

Miami, with myriad yachts and houseboats, palatial estates at Coconut Grove and Miami Beach, fishing and chowder parties at the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, and pleasant exchange of hospitalities with Palm Beach, may be counted upon to care for thousands of tourists. Miami, too, like Atlantic City, has a great number and variety of hotels, and new ones are being built constantly.

But of Palm Beach—what shall one say? Here, at the most popular point along our great American Riviera, where beautiful villas are springing up by the hundreds and the hotel life of the past jogs elbows with the home life of the present; where hundreds of refugees from European resorts congregate to felicitate themselves and each other upon the incomparable climate, the warmth and velvety softness of the sea, and the grateful absence of the chilling mistral that sweeps along the French Riviera from the Alpes Maritimes about tea time—is not this the veritable garden spot of our own United States? Palm Beach in war time was wonderful, but how much more wonderful in time of peace. The vast throngs upon the bathing beach where the one-piece jersey suit will soon be as popular as at Trouville and Deauville and the Ostende of old, the morn-

(Continued on page 70)

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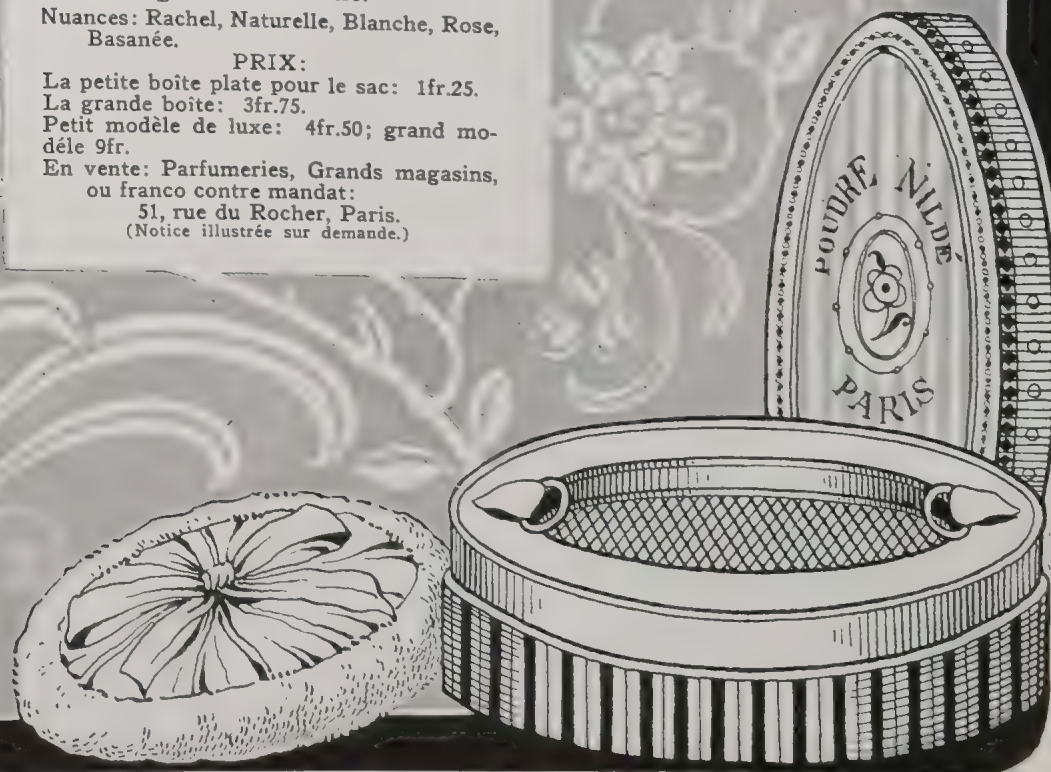
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(Notice illustrée sur demande.)



The FROCKS that PLAN to GO SOUTH

(Continued from page 20)

Black flowers are sprinkled over a brilliant orange background, and the poke-bonnet hat is trimmed with a bow of black silk with ends which run through the brim and attach themselves to the top of the crown at the back. The parasol to match is edged with black taffeta.

At the lower left on page 19 is a very chic sports costume consisting of a separate blouse and skirt. Burnt orange tussur silk evenly striped with white makes the unusual blouse that buttons at the back of the deep yoke and has long tight sleeves that button nearly to the elbow. A sash of the material ties over the short loose panel that forms the back of the blouse. The skirt is of white silk jersey buttoning primly at the hem with white pearl buttons and Frenched buttonholes. This costume illustrates the new and popular vogue for bright coloured blouses worn with white skirts.

FOR AFTERNOON WEAR

A very charming design for afternoon wear is shown at the lower right on page 19. This frock is made of soft printed pussy-willow silk and has a long-waisted blouse—so long that it makes a crushed girdle at the natural waist-line. A slightly full tunic comes to the knees over a tight underskirt. Navy blue silk ribbons, binding the neck, sleeves, and skirt bottom and hanging below the tunic at either side of the skirt, form the only trimming.

The new use of metal cloths for evening frocks is illustrated in the attractive gown shown at the left of the sketch at the upper left on page 20. As in many of the newest frocks, the metal tissue is veiled with soft net, giving a very charming effect. In this case sea green net covers a slip of gold tissue

and large crystal balls form an unusual edging to all the outer edges. At the right in the same sketch is a dinner gown of silver cloth lined with black satin and embroidered with large medallions of black jet. The satin shows at the top and bottom of the bodice and in the slit panels of the skirt which turn under over a wide satin underskirt. Black net makes the becoming transparent sleeves.

One of the most unusual combinations of the season is that of white crêpe de Chine and navy blue organdie—the materials which make the frock illustrated at the left of the sketch at the lower right on page 20. This design is of the simple wearable type that is so popular at Palm Beach and other southern resorts, but the use of the organdie is unique. Narrow bands in the form of scallops are used as trimming, edged with double pleated ruffles of the crêpe de Chine. The hat which tops this frock is one of the new ribbon models, broad brimmed in shape and marked with chains of flowers.

OF EYELET EMBROIDERY

The return of English eyelet embroidery will be welcome to many southern travelers, and especially when it is combined with soft cream net. The frock at the right of the sketch at the lower right of page 20 uses these materials and is suggested for either morning or afternoon wear. The net makes the upper part of the long blouse which is finished with a deep band of the embroidery, so arranged that it forms wide pockets at either side. A crisp batiste collar and cuffs button into the net, and black grosgrain ribbons tie the cuffs and hang from one side of the waist to the skirt bottom. This is a very unusual and charming model.



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SUMMER FURS

THE SOUTHERN RESORTS

(Continued from page 68)

ing concert on the awning-shaded porch of the Breakers, where the tinkling of ice and the ripple of voices is heard above strangled instruments, will exert their old attraction. The sport lovers may choose golf at the hotel or the Country Club courses, or tennis, or perhaps flying in a hydroaeroplane to Miami and back again. The bicycle will vie in popularity with the Afromobiles, or wheel chairs; the fishing boats will rise and fall on turquoise sea, and oranges will be picked from trees heavy with gold. One can dance on the porch at The Breakers, in that exotic Cocoanut Grove at the tea hour, in the Palm Room when midnight lights are burning, or at the Country Club after a luncheon on the porch. Then, too, there are dinners at the Club, at the Garden Grill, a fried chicken on the House Boat, or one of George's incomparable French dinners at Bradley's. After a brilliant evening at Bradley's, where one sees the smartest and most elaborate of costumes, one slips out into the velvet blackness of the night, into a wheel chair, and off down the Jungle trail or out upon the pier, far above the lapping waves of the same ocean which joins the Mediterranean three thousand miles away.

Is one sufficiently plebeian to yearn for baseball games, for "the movies," or for an old-fashioned cake walk? They are there for the asking. One circles around the Beach drive to see Mrs. Stotesbury's villa, El Mirasol, standing out white as marble against its back-

ground of palms and orange trees. All along the ocean front, from country club to the end of the ocean boulevard below, are rising new Moorish and Spanish and French and Italian villas, with sunken gardens and crimson poinsettias and golden orange trees and fringed palms surrounding them, velvety Bermuda grass transplanted on the lawns, and foam-capped waves dashing up on the sands, almost to the very doors.

The mammoth caravanseries with their ever-changing kaleidoscopic throngs of people will be packed more closely than ever this winter. Millions of dollars from munitions and war contracts and other sources will be exchanged for strings of priceless pearls and Russian sables and French frocks and all sorts of exotic luxuries at the smart shops in the hotels and along the Lake Trail. Palm Beach this season will be a synonym for pleasure and magnificent entertainments and lavish spending of money, with always the touch of the military, so new to most of us. A serious undercurrent will express itself in constantly recurring pleas for the Red Cross and for United War Work, in order that those still "over there" may not be forgotten. And when the brilliant little Broadway moths come fluttering down to singe their wings in the luxurious warmth of the flame and to dance and chatter and sing for charity and for smokes for the soldiers, the climax of the season will have come.

(Continued from page 59)

slackers, crooks, and nymphomaniacs that infested our enfevered society that used to be? If so, was it worth the fighting, or the winning? . . . These questions must be answered adequately before "The Crowded Hour" can be accepted as a work of lasting literature.

Yet this piece is clearly more considerable than most of our recent crop of war-plays, because, after all, it does deal with an idea, and because its sound and fury is continuously interesting. "The Crowded Hour" succeeds, by technical adroitness, in crowding much more than the customary modicum of theatrical excitement into the traditional two hours' traffic of the stage. Because of these considerations, it matters comparatively little that the piece presents an apparently absurd report of actual experience along the line of battle. The present commentator, in the recent draft, was registered in the same class, in respect to responsibility and age, as Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Pollock, and has seen no more of actual fighting in France than the authors of "The Crowded Hour"; yet, to the mind of an observer not endowed with any special knowledge, it appeared unbelievable that many officers of the allied armies should be willing to interrupt a battle, in time of tragic danger, in order to smooth down the personal emotions of an unimportant heroine. It also seemed to be incredible that a telephone-girl, assigned for service near the front, could have held her job when any one could see that she was likely to explode into hysterics at a crisis. Furthermore, it was rather difficult to understand the particular privilege by which the wife of the hero was permitted to proceed, as a worker of the Y. W. C. A., to that very section of the front on which her husband was engaged as a combatant. Many other inconsistencies with fact could be registered against "The Crowded Hour" as a feat of journalism; but these little lapses might readily be overlooked if the piece had been offered to the public as something more aloof and lofty than a chronicle of actuality.

"The Crowded Hour" ran simultaneously in New York and in Chicago. The eastern company was headed by Jane Cowl, and the western by Willette Kershaw. The acting of the New York company was generally excellent; and particular praise should be accorded to the several French players in the cast.

"ROADS OF DESTINY"

"ROADS of Destiny" was also written by Channing Pollock; and, in the last week of November, this author enjoyed the rather rare privilege of seeing his name exploited on the billboards of two adjacent theatres in West Forty-second Street. Mr. Pollock is a good and faithful workman. He is one of those who write often and write much and never fail to get to press on time. For this heroic reason, all of his confrères are glad of his success.

The play called "Roads of Destiny" is not a dramatization of the famous short-story of the same name. Mr. Pollock's plot is entirely original; but, since his theme was similar to that of the pre-existent narrative, he decided, rather chivalrously, to purchase the "dramatic rights" to O. Henry's story, and to adopt O. Henry's title.

If Mr. Pollock, who is, I am very glad to state, a friend of mine, had consulted me about this project in advance, I should have advised him strenuously not to write this play. The thesis is that everybody's destiny is predetermined, and that what is labelled by philosophers as "the freedom of the

will" is only an illusion. I do not believe that this thesis is true; and, after seeing Mr. Pollock's play, I am not yet convinced that Mr. Pollock honestly believes in the truth of this appalling proposition. But, dismissing any philosophic argument, because such arguments are usually long, it may yet be stated that any play which presents a hero forbidden in advance to exert the slightest influence, by his own volition, on the course of his own destiny must reasonably be condemned as basically undramatic. Whether or not the will is free in life at large, we must assume, in the region of the theatre, that the hero is permitted to assert himself, upon his own initiative. Otherwise, to narrow the argument to the domain of what is called "dramatic criticism," Brunetière would have to be discarded as a nincompoop, and the traditional phrase, "No struggle, no drama," would have to be ingloriously dumped into the ash-barrel.

In the second place, the author was required by his project to forewarn the audience of a deliberate intention to tell the same essential story three times over, in three different but recognizably related ways. By this project, the playwright was prevented in advance from reaping the usual rewards of a workmanlike manipulation of suspense and of surprise. Considering the theme abstractly, there were many reasons to deter an author from writing a play which, robbed of the theatrical advantages of surprise and suspense, could be used merely as a vehicle for preaching a philosophic doctrine that has been disbelieved, in nearly every century, by nearly all the greatest thinkers in the world.

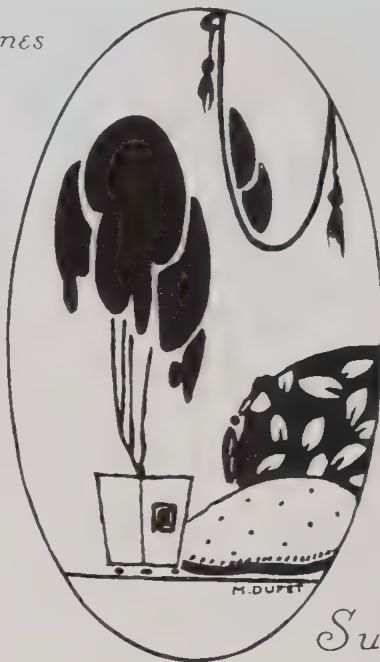
Yet Mr. Pollock trod his road of destiny undaunted, and managed to write a melodrama that is genuinely interesting. In his prologue, he assures us that the future fate of his hero is predetermined, whatever course the hero may attempt to take. We are shown, in the first act, what might have happened to this protagonist if he had wandered to Alaska; in the second act, we are shown what might have happened to him if he had wandered to Long Island; and, in the third act, we are shown what actually happened to him because of his decision to remain at home in a little town of Nebraska. All three of these hypothetical stories end the same way. In each instance, the hero attains his long-desired haven of love and happiness and peace by stepping over the dead body of some futile person who had loved him vainly. The pattern is symmetrical; the execution is excellent; and the only quarrel of the critic is against the primary conception. If life is so mechanical as Mr. Pollock seems to think, what is the use of writing plays about it?

"BY PIGEON POST"

"BY Pigeon Post," a war-play imported from England (the author's name was Austin Page), moved easily along the lines established by many antecedent compositions of the same type. The only novelty, in this instance, was the presence in the cast of characters of an actual flock of carrier-pigeons. It is one of the traditions of the theatre that, whenever a certain type of drama is beginning to grow tired, it calls into its service the collaboration of a trained menagerie. Horses, elephants, and camels, dogs and monkeys, have been appealed to in the past to enliven a decadent drama. To this English author the new idea occurred that pigeons might appear more decorative.

(Continued on page 72)

Fernande Cabanel Ensembles décoratifs Modernes



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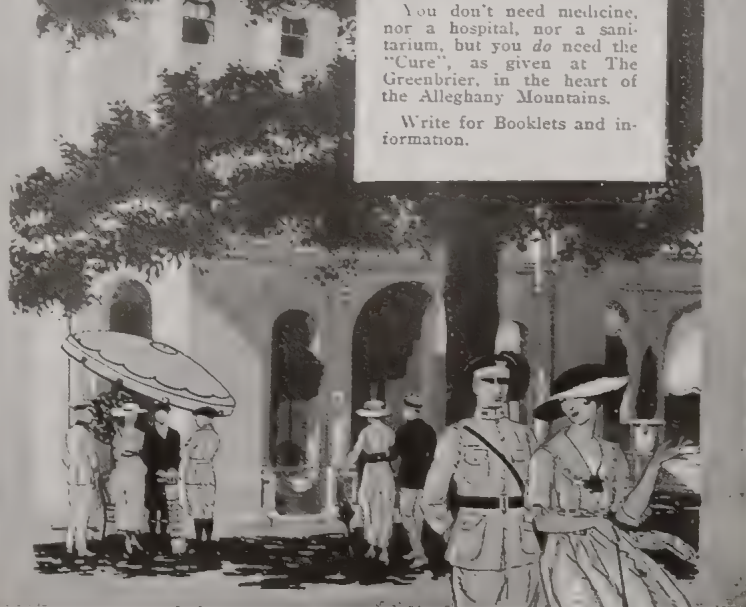
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SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 71)



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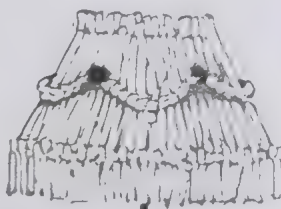
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The scene is a château in French Lorraine, near what used to be the German border. The hero is a French Captain, in charge of the cooing pigeons. It is his duty to win the war, in some mysterious way, by sending and receiving messages across the lines by means of these winced marvels of the air. In the execution of this duty, he is thwarted by his own superior officer, a Major in the French army, who is, by native disposition, a poisoner of birds. The villain hates the hero because both of them are in love with the heroine. The heroine, of course, is a Red Cross nurse; but, in the midst of her official duties, she always has sufficient leisure to allow herself to be made love to by both the Captain and the Major. The villain has sold himself to Germany, because the heroine prefers the hero to himself. Our familiar friend, the German spy, is, in this play, posing as a stricken Belgian and serving, in the French army, as an orderly to the hero. Here we have the usual ingredients; and the plot is easily thickened and sweetened to taste.

"By Pigeon Post" contains one interesting scene. The hero pretends to be dazed by shell-shock and, by this device, succeeds in catching the villain and the German spy off their guard. This scene culminates in a physical fight which the hero wins; and everybody in the front of the house is naturally pleased by the consequent assurance that France has been saved.

In the tragic course of that great war which has recently been closed triumphantly, more than a million of the noblest men of France laid down their lives to make secure the future of the world for civilization. Can we not honour them in any larger way than by patronizing such trivial and silly plays about their heroic task of world-salvation as "By Pigeon Post"?

"THE LITTLE BROTHER"

AMONG the little group of recent plays that call for comment in the present article, "The Little Brother," by Milton Goldsmith and Benedict James, stands alone because of its clear ring of recognizable sincerity. Speaking personally, the present commentator, sitting among many others in the front of the house, did not regard this piece as positively entertaining and was not inspired with a wish to see it a second time. But, at any rate, the fact was clearly evident that this play was "about something," that its intention was permanent, not timely, literary instead of merely journalistic, and that the authors had written it because they honestly believed that they had a message to deliver, instead of being actuated by a vague awareness that the theatre is nearly always ready to provide an audience willing to waste—or, in a still more tragic phrase, to kill—a couple of hours, if this crime of murder may be camouflaged by some seductive allurements to the vague and misty region of forgetfulness.

The scene is set in New York City. The hero, beautifully played by Walker Whiteside, is a Russian Jewish Rabbi, of kindly nature and admirable character. The only people that he naturally hates are the Orthodox Christians of Russia, who, in the old world, have persecuted his own people. His hatred of these Christians is, in its basis, not abstract but personal. During the course of a pogrom in his native town, his father and his mother had been murdered, and his infant brother had been carried off into captivity.

This Rabbi Elkan hates particularly a famous Christian priest, of the Russian Church, who has distinguished him-

self as the leader of a still more tragic pogrom, nearly twenty years later. This priest, named Father Petrovitch, is now in New York, and has been recognized as one of the most popular, as well as one of the most fanatic, spokesmen of the Russian Church. These two exponents of two different religions, Rabbi Elkan and Father Petrovitch, quite naturally hate each other, though each of them, by nature, is a gentle and kindly man.

The plot begins to thicken when the daughter of the Jewish Rabbi falls in love with the ward of the Christian priest. Their contemplated marriage is, of course, opposed by both of these embattled elders; but, since young love will have its way, they tear away their long constricting leading-strings, and marry each other, to the very great distress of their more dignified and philosophic elders.

A crisis of almost epical dimensions is thereby brought upon the carpet. In this crisis, the fanatic Christian priest and the scarcely less fanatic Jewish rabbi discover suddenly that they are tied together by a tragic consanguinity. It turns out that Father Petrovitch, the leader of the rather recent pogrom, is, in reality, the lost little brother of Rabbi Elkan, captured by the persecutors of the Jews in that other pogrom of more ancient date, and subsequently brought up by his captors as a Christian.

Rabbi Elkan is astounded to discover that the man whom he had long regarded as his worst enemy is, in actuality, his long-lost brother. Father Petrovitch is astounded, still more deeply, to discover, at the very culmination of his career as a leader of the long crusade against the Jews, that every drop of that pulsating blood which has stimulated his enthusiasm for this cause is actually Hebrew in its source. The disillusion of this tragic figure of a great fanatic reduced suddenly from the level of the high heroic to the level of the pitiful forlorn is rendered sadly and magnificently on the stage by Tyrone Power.

At the end of the play, of course, the long parted brothers, despite their different beliefs, are reconciled to each other because of the obvious spontaneity of the rather hasty marriage between the two very different young people for whose bringing-up they have been, in their different ways, responsible. Race-prejudice is closely smothered in an atmosphere of peace on earth, good will toward men. We are assured that all things will be lovely in the world if the fanatic Jew and the fanatic Christian will be generous enough to shake hands and exchange a glass of wine, because their children or grandchildren are large enough in mind to fall in love with each other. This play suggests a quick solution of many of the social problems that have troubled the conscience of the uneasy world throughout the last two thousand years. The thesis may be hasty, and perhaps unsound; but, at least, the declaration of this theme gives evidence that the authors of "The Little Brother" have thought earnestly and seriously about one of those great problems of the period of reconstruction that will oppose a dangerous, left-handed interrogatory to the proposition of erecting a peace on earth that shall be not only world-embracing but eternal.

"A PLACE IN THE SUN"

CYRIL HARCOURT has already established a reputation as a clever writer of satiric dialogue. This reputation is sustained by the undeniably amusing colloquy that is tossed about

(Continued on page 73)

(Continued from page 72)

the stage by "A Place in the Sun"; but, from any other point of view, the piece might be dismissed as weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable.

In structure, the plot of "A Place in the Sun" repeats the narrative of the "double cross", which was borrowed by O. Henry from Guy de Maupassant. An aristocratic male has seduced a plebeian female; and the brother of the injured innocent demands in vain that the aristocrat should make the heroine an "honest woman" by condescending to marry her. This request is refused. Thereupon, the sister of this cold aristocrat, because she feels herself to be enamoured by the strong mind, or the strong right arm, or the strong something-or-other, of the revolutionist plebeian who has been spurred to battle by these circumstances, manages to win admittance to the hero's rooms at midnight and succeeds thereby in shaming her own brother into marrying the sister of the sturdy strong plebeian who has happened, against his own intention, to endanger the reputation of a lady of the land.

The plot of this play reminds us of the thinking of that classic publication which is known, to innumerable servants, as *The Family Herald*. We are assured that, despite all momentary accidents of destiny, blood will tell before the curtain falls, and the victory will always be accorded to those characters that have been recognized as gentlemen and ladies.

The dialogue of this comedy is rather

clever; but why should we be asked to listen to such basically silly stuff as this, at a moment when we read the tragic news that nearly seven hundred thousand healthy men have died for the idea that England should not perish from the record of the living nations of the world?

"BETTY AT BAY"

JESSIE PORTER, the author of "Betty at Bay", was apparently a lover of the works of J. M. Barrie; and, in a weary world which contains no longer many things which are loved for the mere reason that they are worthy of the loving, this statement comes very near to conferring a title of distinction. This hitherto unheard-of British author approached the region of the memorable when she penned this sentimental composition; but she failed, by a narrow margin, to win admission through the gates—and "how low, when angels fall, their black descent, our primal thunder tells!"

"Betty at Bay," though ingratiating in intention, was a poor play; and, in New York, it was shabbily produced. Although the cast contained several excellent actors of long experience, the performance, as a whole, seemed lacking in direction. The scenery was second-hand, and cheap, and almost actively insulting to eye. From the moment when the curtain rose, the undertaking appeared to be consecrated obviously to a sense of predetermined failure.

NEW YORK, AGAIN RESPLENDENT

(Continued from page 26)

are the American designers will have an opportunity to show their clothes in an appropriate setting. Occasionally one sees about town a gown or wrap that has the stamp of individuality, but as a rule these very distinctive things are worn by foreigners and it is difficult to decide whether they represent an individual type of dress which their wearer has permanently adopted or whether they sound a prophetic new note. Such was a gown worn a short time ago at one of the Bagby Musicals by a very smart Frenchwoman; undoubtedly it was one of the most chic and distinctive costumes seen in New York in many a day. The entire gown was black, the bodice closely fitted and highly collared, with a row of round black covered buttons up one side of the front and three of these buttons just above the waist-line at the back. The sleeves fitted closely at the shoulders and flared out a bit at the hand where they were trimmed with bands of fine black soutache embroidery. The skirt was quite full, a bit above ankle length, and finished at the bottom with another band of black embroidery which made it stand out just a trifle. The smartest of small black hats with a bit of black feather at the left side was posed on black hair, and a black veil with a fine mesh and a wide border of fine black embroidery was drawn closely over the face. High heeled pumps of fine black kid with high tongues and silver and black enamelled buckles completed the ensemble.

As usual, straw hats have made their appearance very early. There seems to be a tendency towards the use of rough highly glazed straw of which the newest variety is "sipper" straw—so named because it resembles the regulation straw through which lemonade is sipped. This straw, flattened out but not split, and very highly glazed, is

used in a number of most interesting models. A hat made entirely of this new straw in tête de nègre was worn by a smart woman who lunched at the Avignon recently; it was obviously inspired by a Roman helmet. The straw was applied criss-cross on the crown, and about the edge there was a minute brim of the straw laid transversely in regular rows. At the back was a high plume-like arrangement of heckle feathers. Another good-looking straw hat worn at the same restaurant was of highly glazed black straw trimmed with coque feathers in soft dull browns and greens and in black. The wearer of this hat had a most interesting fur collar which stood out becomingly about her face. The Avignon, by the way, a new restaurant launched by the Ritz management and located in one of the new apartment houses on Park Avenue; it is rivaling the Ritz itself in smart patronage at the luncheon hour.

Of late there have been so few marriages that a wedding has become quite a novelty, and a very charming novelty was the wedding, at Saint Thomas's Church, of Miss Mildred Rice, daughter of Mrs. William Lowe Rice, to Mr. Richard Newton, junior. Pink roses were banked at the altar, and the maid of honor, Miss Elise French Rice, the bride's sister, wore a delightful gown of chiffon in hydrangea colourings and a charming little hat which tilted a bit at the back and had one floating streamer of hydrangea blue ribbon. Tiny tips of ostrich feathers in hydrangea colourings were arranged around the crown. The bride's veil was held in place by a band of white satin ribbon and orange blossoms. As she went up to the altar a short veil covered her face, and this was removed by her maid of honour during the ceremony,—a quaint delightful performance.



Advance Fashions in Fine Footwear

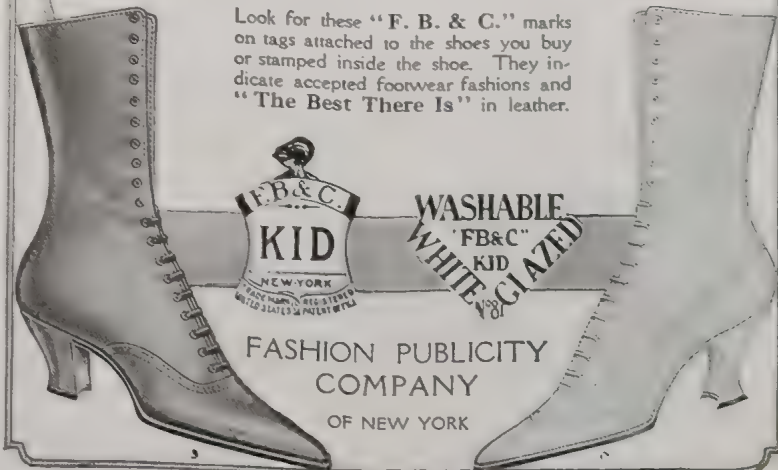
FOR winter wear and early spring, shoes of "F. B. & C." Gray Kid No. 24 strike the dominant note in footwear fashions. This trend is evident wherever well dressed women congregate and will continue till the coming of warm weather.

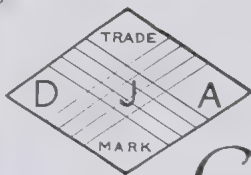
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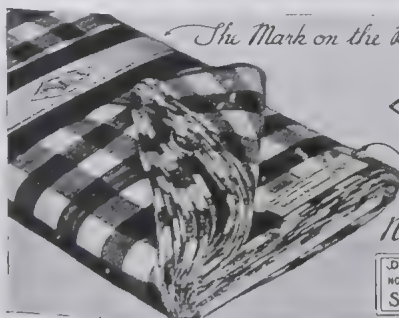
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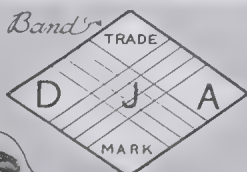
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The charm and freshness which we have seen to appear in the sky are apparent in "The Descent into Hell," recently on view at the Macbeth Gallery.



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(Continued from page 63)

with the Proctor prize as the best portrait in the Winter Academy. Neither painting for "prettiness" nor photographic exactitude mars this excellent work. The exquisite pearly flesh tones, the soft shimmer of the pearly satin gown, the clear carnations are never insisted upon, but are subordinated to a reserved yet sympathetic interpretation of personality. This is no modern portrait which steps from its frame, to chat with the passers-by. In its aloofness and dignity, as in its decorative quality, is something more akin to the old English masters.

In a third corner of the Vanderbilt Gallery—and might we suggest to the hanging committee that while filling corners well is an excellent principle for packing trunks, it leaves something to be desired as a method of hanging exhibition—is Charles W. Hawthorne's admirable "Motherhood Triumphant." This canvas of rare beauty, the finest of Hawthorne's many Madonnas, was shown earlier in the season at the Macbeth Gallery and was at that time reproduced in "Vogue" in the issue of December 15.

Friske's "Girl in Blue," reproduced in the same issue, was also among the good things at the Academy. Above it hung "Pezze," by Edmund Graecen, a delightful portrait study with all the delicate color and elusive beauty familiar in Graecen's sketches. Leopold Seydewitz's exquisite "Lacquer Screen," owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, was winner of the second Altman Prize. Against the rich fabrics of the divan and the background of the lacquer screen, the

delicate head with its Henneresque glory of hair is very lovely, and we face without being able to solve it, the question of whether the lacquer quality is pushed too far in the painting of the figure, or whether it is that very quality which keeps the work so safely far from the commonplace of realism.

That newest note in our art, the war, rings true in at least one of our painters. Plenty of our artists play with it at long range and paint flag-hung streets and marching men that stir us like the "Marseillaise"—on parade day. But to George Bellows belongs the honour of gripping with a strong hand the emotional possibilities of this infinite tragedy and presenting them with unescapable intensity and sincerity. "The Massacre at Dinant" carried the full horror of war within the Academy walls and that without outraging the canons of art. This group of men, women, and children—priest, peasant, and man of the world—mad with fear and rage or calm with superhuman strength, stand before the implacable leveled guns which are all that is seen of a German firing squad. There is much of El Greco's tragic colour in the work, something of his feverish intensity, and one must go back to fifteenth-century crucifixions to find so vital a portrayal of human anguish. Colourless and unreal beside it was the literal canvas of Luis Mora. "Liberators," portraying a tortured Christ among the wounded and dying soldiers.

To "Winter Rigor," a snow scene of average merit, by John F. Carlson, was awarded the Carnegie Prize, falling as usual, to a landscape painter.



Peter A. Juley

When a man paints a theme as well as Potthast paints seashore scenes, we forgive him for sticking to it to the exclusion of other subjects. "At the Seaside" made its first appearance at the Macbeth Gallery

The Story of Japanese Painting

75

(Continued from page 45)

portrait of Shotoku. Delicate pinks and rich greens, flecked here and there with arabesques of gold, the color-harmony charming as ever Whistler compassed, the general effect having a stateliness which neither Rubens nor Van Dyck often surpassed—such is this masterpiece, one of the greatest things in the whole art of the Far East.

Toba Sojo and Those After Him

So princely a painter as Kanaoka necessarily proved a great stimulus to aspiration with Japanese artists, the next strong individuality among whom was Toba Sojo, a bishop, who lived in the mid-11th Century. He was

primarily a humorist, figuring the *dramatis personae* of contemporaneous political events in the guise of rabbits, or foxes, or frogs; and though, as a rule, jokes seem rather stale when even a hundred years old, Toba's are as delightfully fresh still as if they had been made only yesterday.

The output of humorous cartoons, concerned with politics or with the life of ordinary people, increased at great speed immediately subsequent to Toba's time, and his name came to be the generic term for such works, a specially brilliant adept in this field being Gaki Zoshi, whose somewhat sardonic wit recalls Goya.

Coevally there was founded the practice of painting scenes in bygone history, in which sort of art a rare master was Hato no Munezane, whose *chef d'oeuvre* illustrates the deeds of Shotoku; while in 1352 was born Cho Densu, master alike of portraiture and landscape, also a fine painter of religious pictures. As portraitist he showed himself as shrewd a critic of human character as Hogarth or Holbein, while sometimes he would vitalize the human form as strongly as Rodin or Hals. It is told that the Shogun, conceiving an enthusiastic interest in Densu's art, told him to name the greatest wish of his life, the painter at once exclaiming: "Sire, one thing alone do I long for, the passing of a law, forbidding people to picnic in the grounds of the Tofukuji Temple, Kyoto, where I live and work, for such visitors always spoil the beauty of the scene by leaving refuse behind them."

Shogun Patronage

The term, "Shogun" may be cryptic to some readers. So it behooves me to explain that, from Toba Sojo's time onwards till the Revolution of 1868, the Mikados never had any real power, although they were regarded as divine, the government being controlled by the Shogunate, which office was hereditary in various noble houses in succession.



"Kwanon, Goddess of Compassion", by Den-sho, the Japanese Fra Angelico

Shortly before Densu's day, it was acquired by the Ashikaga family, nearly all the Shoguns of which line were singularly artistic, several of them being themselves gifted amateur painters. It was during their regime that fine landscape-painting came to be widely practised in Japan.

It would have been strange, indeed, had Japan not had great landscapists, for, Densu's complaint about the picnic parties notwithstanding, there is perhaps no country where the love of natural beauty is so widely evident as there. Even the humblest, roughest people are often fond of extolling stream, or forest, or

flowers, while Japanese literature is singularly full of glowing tributes to mountain and moorland; and it was scenery of the wild, mountainous kind which chiefly inspired Shubun, a favorite artist with the Shogun, Yoshimasa.

Shubun's Followers

Among Shubun's pupils was Masanobu; among his friends Soami; the former being renowned for his hieratic paintings besides his landscapes, while Soami was poet as well as landscapist, famous for his erudition in old pictures, and, like Kanaoka, a celebrated designer of gardens.

It was in Soami's studio that Sesshiu began work, this master being also a poet and scholar, devoted to playing the flute, sadly fond of drink although he belonged to the priesthood. Having finished his studies with Soami, he set off for China, in search of a teacher who would further improve his skill. His pictures being heard of by the Chinese Emperor, he was invited to the court, the suggestion being made there that he should give an impromptu display, whereupon he called for a broom, with which he drew an enormous dragon, its vitality delighting the whole assemblage. "But I can find none in all China who can teach me anything!" exclaimed the artist proudly, which boast is easily pardoned, considering the loveliness of Sesshiu's art. He is the Corot of Japan, his concern as landscapist being usually with the more pensive moods of nature; while as bird-painter he has few, if any, rivals.

During the time of his activity there came on the scene Tosa Mitsunobu, adept in many styles, fostering his genius by keen study of various foreign schools, to-day busy with portraiture, the next with history, and commonly giving his historical incidents exquisite landscape backgrounds. Deservedly he won the ardent patronage of the Mikado, at once an official honor and a recognition of his talent.

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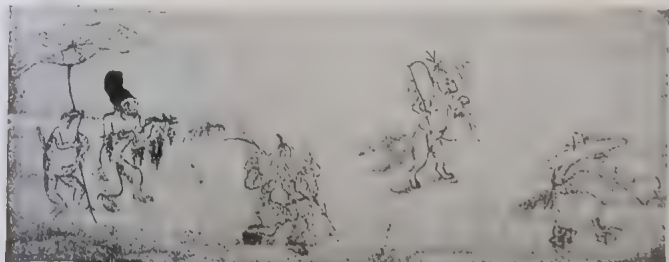
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"The Carnival of Flowers", an amusing caricature by Toba Sojo, the 11th Century artist



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Plasterwork in Modern Decoration

(Continued from page 43)

vices of the utmost delicacy or for modeling large and bold figures; durable and resistant; and susceptible of great diversity of finish and texture ranging from a mirror-like polish to a creamy, granular chalk-like surface. It can be modeled, stamped, incised, and cast, and it may be colored and stencilled.

It is a misapprehension to regard decorative plasterwork as applicable only to ceilings. It was once extensively used for the embellishment of wall surfaces and the field for that sort of ornamentation is still just as free and legitimate as it has ever been. The overmantel space, panels over doors or above windows, tympana above recessed doors and windows, lunettes over windows or at the ends of barrel-vaulted ceilings—any wall space, in fact, that is limited and clearly defined and possessed of some emphasis of location that invites a measure of decoration—are all eminently appropriate places for decorative plasterwork. In such places no one hesitates for a moment to hang plaster casts of della Robbia subjects and similar compositions, perhaps colored and gilt, as detached or detachable pieces of decoration, thus incidentally paying a tribute to decorative plasterwork without their being more than half conscious of doing so. It would be quite as fitting to fill those same places with plaster decoration, modeled in situ, or else to incorporate the plaques and panels of della Robbia and other reproductions, and model suitable plaster settings about them, keeping the whole composition in the white or adding color and gold, whichever might seem preferable.

This incorporation of previously executed plaster reliefs is mechanically a simple matter and ensures really fine plaster decoration of a certain type at a very low cost. Again the same spaces might be filled with conventionalized repeats, modeled and stamped in situ, or cast separately and then assembled and set.

Mural Plasterwork

For a more extended and ambitious use of mural plaster decoration, if one be so inclined, a frieze, the cornice, the cove above the cornice, or the whole wall space between the wainscot and the cornice, provide ample opportunity. In the last named instance the wall becomes essentially a decoration and must be given the decorative right of way, other features being kept away from it.

So far as ceilings are concerned, to which for a long time past convention seems to have confined plaster adornment, the possibilities are almost without limit. That so comparatively lit-

tle serious attention has been paid in our day to plaster decoration as a ceiling resource is probably due to the perfunctory and unalluring character of the ceilings so embellished, by the square foot or the yard, in the middle of the last century. There are plenty of them still intact to exert a baleful influence and prejudice popular taste against employing any similar means to create interest. It is not unnatural that people who know decorative plasterwork only in an unfavorable form should conclude that it is better to have no decoration than bad decoration. And yet, there is something illogical in having the walls replete with interest and then cut the interest short at the angle of wall and ceiling, leaving overhead a "broad, blank waste of white."

It is far more logical to make the ceiling a feature of distinct interest and, if need be, to concentrate interest there, keeping the walls, paneled or otherwise, comparatively plain to act as a foil to the furnishings and decorations that will necessarily be placed against them. If one seeks precedent for such marshaling of decoration, there is no lack of it, from the frequent practice of the Brothers Adam and their contemporaries all the way back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. The same may be said of decorative practice in France and Italy, and many an Italian room of the Renaissance period had severely plain walls while the ceiling was resplendent with adornment. The use of plasterwork as a means of ceiling decoration does not necessarily involve a pretentious scheme nor a large space. It is so adaptable and so flexible in its modes that it may be employed, in one form or another, equally well in a stately apartment and in the simplest of small rooms.

Renaissance Decorations

During the Renaissance period plaster decoration received a great impetus through the work of the Italian stuccatori who, inspired by many newly-found masterpieces wrought by the old Roman plaster artists, not only emulated in stucco-duro the beautiful low reliefs executed by their ancient predecessors, but also developed a system of bold modeling of large figures and vigorous details in high relief or in the round. They wrought and taught in France and England, as well as in Italy, and the seeds of their teaching fell on fertile soil. In France, as a result, was developed the admirable technique that produced the impressive plasterwork of the Louis XIV style and the intricate and often exceedingly delicate creations of the following reign.



A ceiling detail of "Solicitude,"
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Demobilization Problems

(Continued from page 61)

comes in the last act of the "heart-strings" play and announced that he has been sent down from London to notify the little waif (who has been adopted by the rich family and has fallen in love with the younger son) that she is the rightful heiress to the estate of the late Lord Spelvinham.

Then there are those actors who have been privileged to come on in uniform, with one arm in a black silk sling, and tell, to a little group of fellow-members of the cast, just how it was they got their wound.

Presumably, now that we have in this country real soldiers, with real arms in slings, who can tell real stories, the demand for dressing-room casualties will

drop off. In which case, quite a company of them could be organized, pieced out by chorus-men in papier-mache trench-helmets, and chorus-girls dressed as nurses, for action in Russia, where rumor has it that the war is still on.

But the thought comes to me that we may have been hurried in our obsequies. War plays may not go very well for a year or so, but, after things have calmed down, and the Hattons have done a few more society plays, there may be a public demand for classics of the 'Great War, corresponding to "Secret Service" and "Shenandoah" as post-bellum tonics, for annual revival.

In which event, we have simply been wasting our time.

A Tourist May Look at a King

(Continued from page 65)

details ingeniously and thoroughly. Their royal visitors are graded on mountains of different heights corresponding to their rank; the higher the title the higher the Alp. Just at present the highest of all is being reserved for an extinguished visitor who is expected to arrive at any moment, via Holland and who, long before this article sees the light, will probably have taken his place on the sharp point of the Matterhorn.

THIS arrangement of gradation by heights has made it simple for me to recast my guide-book, following closely the old structure and frame work evolved by my predecessors. Take, for instance, a simple example to begin with, one of the charming walks through the low hills near Zurich. The revised version (pub. 1919) reads as follows:

"From the Wittelberg to the Albis-Biedelbaum, a beautiful walk of three hours, ascending and descending on the Albis range. To the left is the ravine of the Spitz, beyond it, seated on a becoming hillock, the Count von Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose last name can be distinctly heard from the hotel piazza."

You get the idea? Of course, the real chances to spread myself do not come until I get up among the six thousand foot boys.

The scale runs as follows:

Title	Altitude
German nobility.....	2,000 to 3,000 ft.
Prussian nobility.....	3,000 to 4,000 ft.
All Turks, except one.....	4,500 to 5,000 ft.
Assorted diplomats.....	4,500 to 5,000 ft.
Members of General Staff	6,000 to 7,000 ft.
Monarchs (fine mixed)	7,000 and upwards

Note: Heights are given in English feet.

UP to and including the General Staff, the trips are possible without special training or equipment. Beyond this altitude, however, I must warn the uninitiated against any attempted climb without proper precautions and a rigorous course of preliminary excursions among the less strenuous ascents.

A glance at my book, p. 86, describing the trip from Lauterblitz to Mumpz will give an idea of the thought and care I have given to this subject.

****Lauterblitz**, a charming village at the foot of the Blatz valley, a good foot-path ascends in bold curves as far as Fatima (4 M.) where guides (Allenby, Maude) should be secured before continuing the stiff climb to Mumpz (7,259 ft.). This is an interesting scramble for steady-headed mountaineers whose labors are rewarded by a magnificent view of the Sultan sitting on the Jungfrau, which has always been his favorite sport. The Sultan occupies an exposed position, large parts of him being covered with eternal snow. (Funicular railway on south side—Fare 2 fr.) Twenty minutes walk from Mumpz, at Bumplatz, one catches a glimpse of the great Monarchial Range, towering above lower hills. Truly a magnificent sequence, Constantinerberg, Ferdinanderstock, the jagged Karlhorn, each appropriately crowned with its uncrowned monarch, forming what has been called the last Hindenburg Line. Travellers are warned not to approach nearer than five miles from this range without gas-masks and a proper supply of hand-grenades as, even in their extinct state, these mountains are not to be trusted. (Guides—Foch, Pershing, Haig.)

***Hotel des Alliés**, July 14th to November 11th—200 beds at 3½-6; Pens. 6-8 fr. (special dishes for dyspeptics).

NEEDLESS to say, I have been very thorough in my compilation, and while covering all the mountains in detail, I have not neglected the less arduous and possibly more romantic localities, charming old Chillon, for instance, whose lowest sub-marine dungeon now reverberates to the roar of a person named Von Tirpitz—and the amusing Bear-pit at Berne where thousands of people flock daily to roar at the antics of the trained Princes who have replaced the bears, and who climb poles and fall off and otherwise delight the public.

Thus, you see, by being alert, I have gotten a tremendous start on my competitors. My entire first edition is sold.

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